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1952

MONTH

JANUARY 1952

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NOTES ON SOME CONTRIBUTORS

A. C. SOUTHERN is the author of *Elizabethan Recusant Prose 1559-1582*.

RICHARD SIMPSON (1820-76) in conjunction with Lord Acton started the *Home and Foreign Review*, a quarterly periodical which was discontinued in 1864. Apart from his historical works, which include a biography of Edmund Campion, he is known as a Shakespearean scholar and musical composer.

M. A. MACCONAILL is Professor of Anatomy at University College, Cork.

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THE MONTH

New Series

JANUARY 1952

VOL. 7. NO. 1

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MY FAVOURITE SAINT

In this present number THE MONTH begins a series on *My Favourite Saint* which will be continued throughout the year. Each writer has been left free to choose his or her own favourite, and it is interesting to see that the saints chosen belong to no one epoch but cover the whole history of Christianity, from the Apostle, St. Thomas, to St. Maria Goretti, who died in 1902. There are four doctors of the Church, two founders of religious orders, two mystics and two humanists. Great men and women have always an appeal; some are admirable and some not—and few are imitable. It is the mark of a saint that he fulfils the highest ideal given to man, and is at the same time a friend and an inspiration. They tell us what is possible for us, whether we have one talent or ten, whether we live in sorrow or joy, in days of menace or in a time of hope. They combine the almost impossible, weakness with strength, darkness with joy, self-denial with profound humanity and affection. Unlike so many other distinguished men, in science, literature and statesmanship, they remain ever contemporary in that they reveal the everlasting source of happiness, the secret of how to turn the common into what is perfect and unique. Each, as the first essay shows, manages to find the true Cross, the emblem of life and hope.

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ST. HELENA EMPRESS

By

EVELYN WAUGH

WE ARE ADVISED to meditate on the lives of the saints, but this precept originated in the ages when meditation was a more precise and arduous activity than we are tempted to think it to-day. Heavy apparatus has been at work in the last hundred years to enervate and stultify the imaginative faculties. First, realistic novels and plays, then the cinema have made the urban mentality increasingly subject to suggestion so that it now lapses effortlessly into a trance-like escape from its condition. It is said that great popularity in fiction and film is only attained by works into which readers and audience can transpose themselves and be vicariously endangered, loved and applauded. This kind of reverie is not meditation, even when its objects are worthy of high devotion. It may do little harm, perhaps even some little good, to fall day-dreaming and play the parts of Sir Thomas More, King Lewis IX or Father Damien. There are evident dangers in identifying ourselves with Saint Francis or Saint John of the Cross. We can invoke the help of the saints and study the workings of God in them, but if we delude ourselves that we are walking in their shoes, seeing through their eyes and thinking with their minds, we lose sight of the one certain course of our salvation. There is only one saint that Bridget Hogan can actually become, Saint Bridget Hogan, and that saint she *must* become, here or in the fires of purgatory, if she is to enter heaven. She cannot slip through in fancy-dress, made up as Joan of Arc.

For this reason it is well to pay particular attention to the saints about whom our information is incomplete. There are names in the calendar about which we know nothing at all except those names, and then sometimes in a form that would puzzle their contemporaries. There are others about whom, humanly speaking, we know almost everything, who have left us a conspectus of their minds in their own writings, who were accompanied

through life by pious biographers recording every movement and saying, who were conspicuous in the history of their times so that we can see them from all sides as they impressed friends and opponents. And mid-way between these two groups are the saints who are remembered for a single act. To this class Helena eminently belongs. In extreme old age, as Empress Dowager, she made a journey into one part of her son's immense dominions, to Jerusalem. From that journey spring the relics of the True Cross that are venerated everywhere in Christendom. That is what we know; most else is surmise.

Helena was at a time, literally, the most important woman in the world, yet we know next to nothing about her. Two places claim to be her birthplace: Colchester in England and Drepanum, a seaside resort, now quite vanished, in Turkey. The evidence for neither is so strong that Englishman or Turk need abandon his pretension. She was probably of modest rank, not servile, not illustrious. Constantius married her early in his rise to power and abandoned her later for a royal match. She may have been brought up at one of the post-stables on an Imperial trunk road and have there attracted Constantius's attention on one of his official journeys. Or she may, conceivably, have been what legend makes her, the daughter of a British chief. She bore one son, Constantine the Great, probably at Nish in Serbia. After her divorce she settled at Trier (Trèves) where the Cathedral probably stands on the foundations of her palace. Almost certainly it was there that she became Christian. Lactantius, who was tutor to her grandson Crispus, may have helped instruct her. At the very end of her life she suddenly emerged for her great adventure. She died at Constantinople and her body was thereupon or later moved to Rome. Her tomb never became a great centre of pilgrimage. She, herself, seems never to have attracted great personal devotion; but she was a popular saint. Numberless churches are dedicated to her; numberless girls baptized with her name; she appears everywhere in painting, sculpture and mosaic. She has fitted, in a homely and substantial way, into the family life of Christendom.

There is little of heroism or genius in any of this. We can assume that she was devout, chaste, munificent; a thoroughly good woman in an age when palaces were mostly occupied by the wicked; but she lived grandly and comfortably whereas most of the saints in every age have accepted poverty as the condition of

their calling. We know of no suffering of hers, physical, spiritual or mental, beyond the normal bereavements, disappointments and infirmities which we all expect to bear. Yet she lived in an age when Christians had often to choose between flight, apostasy or brutal punishment. Where, one may ask, lies her sanctity? Where the particular lesson for us who live in such very different circumstances?

For the world of Constantine, as we catch glimpses of it, is utterly remote from ours. There are certain superficial similarities. Poetry was dead and prose dying. Architecture had lapsed into the horny hands of engineers. Sculpture had fallen so low that in all his empire Constantine could not find a mason capable of decorating his triumphal arch and preferred instead to rob the two-hundred-year-old arch of Trajan. An enormous bureaucracy was virtually sovereign, controlling taxation on the sources of wealth, for the pleasure of city mobs and for the defence of frontiers more and more dangerously pressed by barbarians from the East. The civilized world was obliged to find a new capital. All this seems familiar but for the event of supreme importance, the victory of Christianity, we can find no counterpart in contemporary history. We cannot by any effort of the imagination share the emotions of Lactantius or Macarius. Helena, more than anyone, stands in the heart of that mystery.

She might claim, like that other, less prudent queen: "In my end is my beginning." But for her final, triumphant journey she would have no fame. We should think of her, if at all, as we think of Constantine: someone who neatly made the best of both worlds. The strong purpose of her pilgrimage shed a new and happier light on the long years of uneventful retirement showing us that it was by an act of will, grounded in patience and humility, that she accepted her position. Or rather, her positions. We do not know in exactly what state Constantius found her. She certainly did not choose him for his hopes of power. Those hopes, indeed, proved her undoing and dismissed her, divorced, into exile. In a court full of intrigue and murder she formed no party, took no steps against her rival, but quietly accepted her disgrace. Constantine rose to power, proclaimed her empress, struck coins in her honour, opened the whole imperial treasury for her use. And she accepted that too. Only in her religious practices did she maintain her

private station, slipping in to mass at Rome among the crowd, helping with the housework at the convent on Mount Sion. She accepted the fact that God had His own use for her. Others faced the lions in the circus; others lived in caves in the desert. She was to be St. Helena Empress, not St. Helena Martyr or St. Helena Anchorite. She accepted a state of life full of dangers to the soul in which many foundered, and she remained fixed in her purpose until at last it seemed God had no other need of her except to continue to the end, a kind, old lady. Then came her call to a single peculiar act of service, something unattempted before and unrepeatable—the finding of the True Cross.

We have no absolute certainty that she found it. The old sneer, that there was enough "wood of the cross" to build a ship, though still repeated, has long been nullified. All the splinters and shavings venerated everywhere have been patiently measured and found to comprise a volume far short of a cross. We know that most of these fragments have a plain pedigree back to the early fourth century. But there is no guarantee which would satisfy an antiquary, of the authenticity of Helena's discovery. If she found the True Cross, it was by direct supernatural aid, not by archaeological reasoning. That, from the first, was its patent of title. There are certain elements about the surviving relics which are so odd that they seem to preclude the possibility of imposture. The "Label," for example—the inscription *Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews*—now preserved in Santa Croce seems the most unlikely product of a forger's art. And who would have tried to cheat her? Not St. Macarius certainly. But it is nevertheless possible that Helena was tricked, or that she and her companions mistook casual baulks of timber, builders' waste long buried, for the wood they sought; that the Label, somehow, got added to her treasure later. Even so her enterprise was something life-bringing.

It is not fantastic to claim that her discovery entitles her to a place in the Doctorate of the Church, for she was not merely adding one more stupendous trophy to the hoard of relics which were everywhere being unearthed and enshrined. She was asserting in sensational form a dogma that was in danger of neglect. Power was shifting. In the academies of the Eastern and South-Eastern Mediterranean sharp, sly minds were everywhere looking for phrases and analogies to reconcile the new, blunt

creed for which men had died, with the ancient speculations which had beguiled their minds, and with the occult rites which had for generations spiced their logic.

Another phase of existence which select souls enjoyed when the body was shed; a priesthood; a sacramental system, even in certain details of eating, anointing and washing—all these had already a shadowy place in fashionable thought. Everything about the new religion was capable of interpretation, could be refined and diminished; everything except the unreasonable assertion that God became man and died on the Cross; not a myth or an allegory; true God, truly incarnate, tortured to death at a particular moment in time, at a particular geographical place, as a matter of plain historical fact. This was the stumbling block in Carthage, Alexandria, Ephesus and Athens, and at this all the talents of the time went to work, to reduce, hide and eliminate.

Constantine was no match for them. Schooled on battle fields and in diplomatic conferences, where retreat was often the highest strategy, where truth was a compromise between irreconcilable opposites; busy with all the affairs of state; unused to the technical terms of philosophy; Constantine not yet baptized, still fuddled perhaps by dreams of Alexander, not quite sure that he was not himself divine, not himself the incarnation of the Supreme Being of whom Jove and Jehovah were alike imperfect emanations; Constantine was quite out of his depth. The situation of the Church was more perilous, though few saw it, than in the days of persecution. And at that crisis suddenly emerged God—sent from luxurious retirement in the far north, a lonely, resolute old woman with a single concrete, practical task clear before her; to turn the eyes of the world back to the planks of wood on which their salvation hung.

That was Helena's achievement, and for us who, whatever our difficulties, are no longer troubled by those particular philosophic confusions that clouded the fourth century, it has the refreshing quality that we cannot hope to imitate it. The Cross is very plain for us to-day; plainer perhaps than for many centuries. What we can learn from Helena is something about the workings of God; that He wants a different thing from each of us, laborious or easy, conspicuous or quite private, but something which only we can do and for which we were each created.

'THE BEST WITS OUT OF ENGLAND'¹

University Men in Exile under Elizabeth

By

A. C. SOUTHERN

A PART FROM the more distinguished church dignitaries and clergy (both Allen and Sander put the number of these at well over 200) who suffered deposition and imprisonment at the commencement of the reign, there existed from the earliest days of Elizabeth a number of men and women who showed themselves openly hostile to the religious changes which were taking place. They included those Catholics at home who consistently refused to be present at the public services in the parish churches, as laid down in the Uniformity Act, and those who sought voluntary exile abroad rather than compromise with conscience. These are our recusants (a term which, by the way, only began to be applied to Catholics especially, after the Bull *Regnans in Excelsis*, the excommunication Bull, was published in 1570), and it was ultimately through their steadfastness and their efforts that the first steps became possible towards a Catholic revival in the homeland. They were no mean company, these upholders of the Catholic culture and worship of their ancestors. They numbered some of the most eminent names of the day for letters and learning. By driving them out into obscurity and exile Elizabeth made certain that the set-back to English scholarship, which had promised so brightly at the beginning of the century and which the despotism of Henry had done so much to crush, should be continued for at least another hundred years.

The strength of this opposition and the influence it exercised upon Government procedure in enforcing the Statutes of Supre-

¹ My grateful thanks are due to Messrs. Sands and Co. (Publishers), Ltd., for permission to use extracts from my work on *Elizabethan Recusant Prose* recently published by them.

macy and Uniformity have not always been sufficiently understood. The principal centres of disaffection were the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and that other University, the Inns of Court, which throughout the reign was a great harbourer of recusants; there was also Winchester College. Here, in the words of the late Father Hungerford Pollen, "the strongest resistance of all" was to be found. Dr. Thomas Hide, the Headmaster, described in a contemporary document as "one very stiff and perverse in papistry" was at once removed from his post for refusing the oath, and he was followed into exile a year later, in 1560, by his second master, John Martiall. Both men were distinguished scholars and writers. Despite this action by the Government the fellows and boys continued to refuse attendance at the new services and things eventually came to such a pass that it was necessary to call in soldiers from Southampton to keep the peace. Twelve boys are reported to have run away rather than conform to the established religion. This incident led to a visitation of the College by Bishop Horne, the new Protestant Bishop of Winchester, in 1562, and there was another in 1571. The fact that there was need for a second visitation in 1571 is significant. It shows that the Catholic element in the College continued to be strong throughout the 1560s. It is clear that no decisive measures were taken to bring Winchester into line with the Church of England after the more rebellious element had been got rid of in 1559.

It is but a short step from Winchester to New College, Oxford, and here the resistance to the new order of religion was, as we might expect, almost as strong. The Accession of Elizabeth, we are told, saw the flight or expulsion of at least thirteen of the fellows, but it is perfectly clear that the purge thus effected was very inadequate. "It was only the most conscientious men who disappeared; the majority of those who remained were very reluctant conformists. That such a nest of crypto-Papists should have been allowed to remain undisturbed for so many years is a curious instance of the precarious and transitional position of Church affairs in these years."¹ The lead which was taken by Winchester and New College men in the literary controversies which followed the Settlement of Religion we shall be returning to in a moment.

¹ *New College* in the series *College Histories* by Rashdall and Rait (1901).

Meanwhile let us note that there is good evidence that Lincoln, Trinity and Balliol were not far behind New College as centres of recusancy at Oxford, and furthermore that both Cardinal Allen and John Bridgewater recorded that throughout the early years of the reign the Queen's councillors were much exercised over the number of Oxonians who left their colleges rather than subscribe to the Oath. Bridgewater's statement on this point is of particular interest. "Since the Queen's Councillors," he writes, "were informed that very many Oxonians, and those the young men of best ability, altogether refused the oath concerning the Queen's supremacy, and therefore that there was a danger of their giving up their studies altogether and seeking another mode of life; in order that Oxford might not be deprived of some of its best brains and so be reduced bit by bit to a state of barbarity, they decided that the oath should not be proposed to any of those who were likely in due course to succeed."¹ Whether this decision affected Cambridge as well as Oxford we do not know. What is probable is that the religious tests were not very rigidly enforced. For although the University was certainly regarded as a source of recusancy during these early years of change (and later) by the Government, Caius and Jesus Colleges coming specially under suspicion, yet there is no doubt that there were still Catholic teachers at Cambridge in 1591 and that the sons of recusants continued to enter the colleges down to that date. This was the year in which the Privy Council ordered that an enquiry should be made with regard to papists in the universities. "The answer of the Heads of the Colleges at Cambridge was that, after enquiry, they found that recusants were 'more in number and more dangerous than comenly is thought'."²

It will not surprise us, then, in view of what has already been said, to find that some of the most notable of our recusant scholars and writers, who in the first years of Elizabeth went into exile rather than lose their freedom of worship, were Winchester and New College men. Most eminent among them was Dr. Nicholas Sander, leader of a group of exiled scholars in Louvain, and closely associated with him were Thomas Hide and Dr. John

¹ *Concertatio* (1589), p. 144.

² Norman Wood, *The Reformation and English Education*, p. 279.

Martiall (to whom reference has already been made), Dr. Thomas Dorman, Dr. Thomas Harding, Robert Pointz, Dr. John Rastell and Dr. Thomas Stapleton.

It should be remembered that Louvain, where these men congregated, was the principal asylum for English refugee scholars in the early years of the dispersion, and thither the greater number of the recusant exiles from Oxford and Cambridge (there were more than a hundred of them in the first year of Elizabeth's reign) flocked. It was, of course, a famous centre of learning, it was within easy reach of England and, moreover, it had close associations with St. Thomas More, for it was there that in 1549 Antony Bonvyse, the life-long friend of More, had formed a colony of English exiles, which included the Clements and the Rastells. And so, as Father Persons writes, "the more learned sort repaired unto the University of Louvain, and there, for that they had been brought up partly in the University of Oxford partly in Cambridge, they began two houses under the names of the foresaid Universities, calling the one Oxford house and the other Cambridge house." It is a remarkable fact that, in spite of the great difficulties in printing and publishing, between the years 1564 and 1568 some forty English works, all more or less of a controversial nature, issued from this centre. The importance of these publications cannot be over-estimated. They were the preparatory step to the Counter-Reformation in this country. As Cardinal Allen was to say later of the great Catholic revival of the 1580s in the homeland—"Books paved the way."

I have intimated that Dr. Sander was the principal promoter of these apologetical works. No one was better fitted for such a task. He had a European reputation for scholarship which was recognized by St. Pius V when he appointed him in 1566 to be the second of five theologians to assist Cardinal Commendone, the papal legate, at the imperial Diet of Augsburg. St. Pius also later summoned him to Rome to assist in the controversy with the Magdeburg Centuriators. There are a number of English works standing to his name; but the most famous of his books was his *De Visibili Monarchia Ecclesiae* (the result, as he tells us, of a suggestion made to him by Cardinal Hosius, whom he had attended as theologian at the Council of Trent), which was published by John Fowler in 1571, and which was regarded in his own day as one of the most outstanding works on the history of the Church.

Second only, in influence and importance, to Sander was Dr. Harding, the President of "Oxford House." His eminence as a scholar was recognized both at home and in learned circles on the Continent. He was perhaps the most redoubtable of our Catholic polemicists. This was the opinion of the well-known Elizabethan pamphleteer, Gabriel Harvey, who writes:

Harding and Jewel [the Church of England Bishop of Salisbury] were our Eschines and Demosthenes; and scarcely any language in the Christian world hath afforded a pair of adversaries equivalent to Harding and Jewel, two thundering and lightning Orators in divinity.

As a writer of English prose Harding was the equal of any of his Elizabethan contemporaries.

Probably, of this early group of Wykehamist scholars the name of Thomas Stapleton is likely to ring most familiarly in our ears, as the translator of Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*. This work is a quasi-classic, and is one of the few sixteenth-century recusant books which is available in a modern edition. Stapleton's great learning has been justly commended by such different writers as Dr. Owen Lewis, another Wykehamist of brilliant talents and Vicar-General of St. Charles Borromeo, Dr. William Whitaker, professor of divinity in the University of Cambridge, and Anthony Wood, the seventeenth-century antiquarian. Lewis writes of him: "doctissimus et pientissimus et utile membrum sanctae matris ecclesiae, quam contra haereticos saepe et cum magno fructu defendit." Wood states that he was "the most learned R. Catholic of all his time." Thomas Fuller quotes Whitaker as saying "that Bellarmine was the *fairer* and Stapleton the *shrewder* adversary," and himself pungently adds: "His preferment (in mine eye) was not proportionable to his merit, being no more than canon and master of a college in Louvain. Many more admired [i.e., wondered] that Stapleton missed, than that Allen got, a cardinal's cap, equalling him in strictness of life, exceeding him in gentility of birth, and painfulness of writing for the Romish cause. Such consider not that Stapleton's *ability* was drowned with Allen's activity; and one grain of the statesman is too heavy for a *pound* of the student; practical policy, in all ages, beating pen-pains out of distance in the race of preferment."

Dorman, Pointz and Rastell, the remaining three of this brilliant group of Wykehamists, I must here dismiss summarily and

content myself with the bald statement that they were all three distinguished fellows of New College, Oxford, and that all contributed volumes of considerable importance to the Catholic cause. I regret, also, that I can do no more than mention two other Winchester men—John Fen, described by Sander as of "the flower of Louvain," and John Fowler, "that most Catholic and most learned printer of books," as Cardinal Allen calls him. Nor can I here dwell upon the work of the learned Dominican, Thomas Heskins, whom Dr. William Fulke, Master of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, describes as sharing with Sander and Rastell the distinction of being accounted (among their faction) one of the "three pillars and Archpatriarches of the Popish Synagogue." Yet, before I pass on to the greatest of all of our early recusants, William, Cardinal Allen, let me cite a single short passage, summing up the aims of these scholars, from one of their number, Richard Shacklock, a former fellow of Trinity, Cambridge. In his address to Elizabeth at the entrance of his book, *The Hachet of Heresies*, published in 1565, he refers to the fact that he has heard it stated that the Queen each night takes account of how she has spent the day, and if she finds, because of State business she has been unable to learn a single lesson out of some godly author she is wont to say to those about her, "Friends, this day have I lost, for I have learned never a lesson." He goes on:

Truly (most noble Queen) this one saying doth encourage many of your grace's faithful and learned subjects on this side of the sea to writing: some to make new works never seen before, some to translate books, which have been made of other. Some to write in Latin, some in English, some in verse, and other some in prose. All whose diligence and study intendeth nothing less, than to write one word willingly, which might displease your Majesty, which may sow any seeds of sedition, which may disquiet the peace of our native country (as in your grace's dear sister's days diverse seditious sectaries did) but only to further and to prefer as much as is possible, this princely desire of knowing the truth, which we hear with great joy to be reported of your Majesty.

Dr. Allen must forever be associated in the minds of Catholic Englishmen with the founding of the English College at Douay in 1568 and the Venerable English College in Rome in 1576; for it was from these centres that the Counter-Reformation movement

was launched which was to save the Faith for England. Beyond this, he wielded an enormous influence, both cultural and spiritual, upon countless of the English exiles on the Continent. "Allen," wrote Father Persons in 1583, "possesses the hearts of all . . . all the exiles bear him such reverence that at a mere word from him there is nothing they would not do." Into the particulars of his life and activities it is not possible to go here; and anyhow he who will may read the biographical studies of Martin Haile and Dom Bede Camm and others. Our concern is with the purpose which Allen had in mind in the founding of his College at Douay, which was to replace Louvain as the principal centre of recusant life; and, fortunately, we have his own account of this in his *Apologie and true declaration of the institution and endeavours of the two English Colleges*, published in 1581. The relevant passage is too long to quote here, but the points which he makes are these three:

That his first object was to bring together into a disciplined body the many young Englishmen who were scattered abroad in the Low Countries, so that their studies might be properly supervised;

Secondly, that the College would be the means of educating men of learning for the priesthood, who, he hoped, would in due time be able to replace the ever-diminishing body of learned Catholics at home;

And third (and here Allen had a special eye upon the universities) he hoped to attract to the College "the best wits out of England"—these were to include (i) those who had already Catholic inclinations, (ii) those who desired (and mark this!) more exact education than either Oxford or Cambridge could afford at this time, (iii) those who could not subscribe to the Oath of Supremacy (Allen says these included a number of Protestants, at the time when he was writing), (iv) those who disliked being forced into the Protestant Ministry (the practice of some of the Colleges), and (v) those who had doubts about the Protestant religion and desired to learn the truth about Catholicism at first hand.

In short, Douay was to fulfil the function which the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge had hitherto performed, but which they had now ceased to perform—it was to become, as indeed it did become, the great intellectual and cultural centre of English Catholic life.

That Oxford and Cambridge were intellectually at a low ebb in these days, the records, both Protestant and Catholic, faithfully attest. How could it be otherwise! We have recalled already the names of some of our best scholars who had left the two universities rather than take the Oath, and there were many others of equal calibre who followed suit. Edward Rishton, the editor of Nicholas Sander's *Rise and Growth of the Anglican Schism*, writes in 1585 that as a consequence of the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity "the very flower of the two universities, Oxford and Cambridge, was carried away, as it were, by a storm, and scattered in foreign lands," and there is substance in what he says. No connected account of the Elizabethan ejections and the dispersion from Oxford and Cambridge has as yet been attempted; but such records as we have of those who were deprived or who resigned their offices in the early years of Elizabeth provide a formidable list of names indeed. It includes such distinguished men as: Francis Babington and John Young, the vice-chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge respectively; the two regius professors of divinity, Richard Smith and Thomas Sedgwick—Dr. Smith was later to be appointed the first chancellor of Douay University; William Soone, the regius professor of civil law at Cambridge, who went on to profess law at Louvain and later acted as assistant to Abraham Ortelius, the geographer, in Cologne; George Etheridge, the regius professor of Greek at Oxford: classicist, mathematician, Hebræist, poet, and above all an excellent physician, according to Anthony Wood; William Ely, president of St. John's, Oxford, and his brother Humphrey Ely, also of St. John's, and subsequently professor of canon and civil laws at Pont-à-Mousson; John Bridgewater, rector of Lincoln, Oxford, the learned editor of the *Concertatio*, cited above; Thomas Bailey, master of Clare Hall, Cambridge (afterwards vice-president of Douay College); George Bullock, master of St. John's, Cambridge, and Lady Margaret professor of divinity; William Taylor, master of Christ's College, Cambridge; Richard Barrett, fellow of Oriel, Oxford (afterwards president of Douay College); George Blackwell, fellow of Trinity, Oxford, who later made history as the first of the Archpriests in this country; Alan Cope, fellow of Magdalen, Oxford, the learned editor of Nicholas Harpsfield's *Dialogi Sex* and, later, a Canon of St. Peter's, Rome; John Gibbons, of Lincoln, Oxford, a man of great learning who

became rector of the Jesuit college in Trèves and was eminent in Germany as a controversialist; William Gifford, of the same college, who, after a distinguished career in the Church (he was one of the greatest English Benedictines of his time), was appointed finally Archbishop of Reims; Richard Hall, fellow of Pembroke, Cambridge, and afterwards professor at Douay College; David Hyde, classicist, mathematician and antiquarian, fellow of Merton, Oxford; John Sanderson, fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, and reader in logic to the university—later appointed Canon of Cambray; John Seton, fellow and distinguished dialectician of St. John's, Cambridge; Richard White, fellow of New College, Oxford—later appointed by the Pope "magnificus rector" of the University of Douay; and Thomas Worthington of Brasenose, Oxford, who succeeded Dr. Barrett as president of Douay College in 1599. Such a list as this is necessarily selective, but it is by no means exhaustive. Mallet in his *History of the University of Oxford* refers to *eleven* heads of colleges who lost their appointments on Elizabeth's accession, and Cooper in his *Annals of Cambridge* refers to *eight* who suffered a similar fate. The total number of fellows who in due course were ejected or who resigned is not yet ascertainable. In the first year of the reign, when the urgency of their removal was not paramount, as was the case with the heads of colleges, those deprived do not seem to have been numerous in comparison with the total number. But, as time went on, their numbers must have swelled considerably (all the evidence points this way), and it is probable that Sander's estimate of 300 as having eventually resigned their appointments during the early years of the reign is not very far out.

The immediate effect of this desertion of the universities was deplorable. John Jewel, the Protestant Bishop of Salisbury, writing at the beginning of the reign to his old master, Peter Martyr, comments: "In the meantime our universities, and more especially Oxford, are most sadly deserted; without learning, without lectures, without any regard to religion."¹ Nor is there evidence of any steady or serious recovery towards professed learning as the reign progressed. In fact the evidence would seem rather to point the other way. Bass Mullinger, the historian of

¹ *The Zurich Letters*. Cited by J. B. Code, *Queen Elizabeth and the English Catholic Historians*, p. 2.

Cambridge, writing of the year 1575 or thereabouts, states that the universities had ceased then to function any longer "as great schools of all sciences and of all learning" and had come to be regarded "as little more than seminaries for the education of the clergy of the Established Church," a view which is confirmed, says Dr. Wood, "when we find the bishops declaring in 1584 that Oxford and Cambridge were 'founded principally for the study of divinity and increase of the number of learned preachers and ministers'."¹ Later in 1589 Archbishop Whitgift adds his own unfavourable comment on the decay of learning in the English universities.² At the end of the century the satirical references to the factions and religious strife, then prevalent at Cambridge, so graphically presented in the three Parnassus Plays of 1598-1601, would certainly seem to suggest that, at any rate in that university, opportunities for deeper study and research were being elbowed out of existence.

PORTRAIT OF A BOLLANDIST

Victor de Buck

By

RICHARD SIMPSON

Looking from a respectful distance at the work of the Bollandists since their re-establishment in 1838, it is possible to discern four sommités—Charles de Smedt and Victor de Buck in the nineteenth century, Hippolyte Delehaye and Paul Peeters in the twentieth. The last named, writing an historical sketch of the Bollandists in 1942, singled out Victor de Buck as "awaiting his biographer": it is a fact that very little has been written about him; and not all that has been published is satisfactory. The best biographical account is still the obituary notice in

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 108.

² Strype, *Life and Acts of Whitgift* (1822), pp. 610 ff.

the *Brussels Précis historiques* by Vincent Baesten (1876). The official necrological tribute in the *Acta Sanctorum* (November, Vol. II: by Charles de Smedt) adds indispensable bibliographical data, but little else: in 1894, the time had not yet come when a Bollandist could be altogether easy in writing about a colleague who had been delated to Rome for Liberalism. Delehaye in *L'Oeuvre des Bollandistes* (1920) had no space for an extended biographical study. Vincent Baesten, supplemented by Charles de Smedt, thus remains the primary authority. The notices in the Catholic Encyclopaedia (by Charles de Smedt) and the *Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique* (by J. Van den Gheyn) are useful, especially the latter, as "situating" Victor de Buck in a wider contemporary background; but nothing has been published about the political significance of his work in the making of Belgium. (The *Biographie Nationale de Belgique* was unfortunately too far advanced in the alphabet at the time of de Buck's death to give him an entry.)

Father Victor de Buck's contributions to the *Acta Sanctorum* will be found in Vols. VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, XIII of October (marked "V. D. B."), and in parts of Vol. VII (unsigned). It has been said by qualified judges that the author's encyclopaedic learning is not exploited to best advantage in these articles: the *Analecta Bollandiana* was only founded in 1882, and it may be that a substantial part of "V. D. B.'s" work, which of necessity went into the *Acta*, was by nature better suited to the *Analecta*.

Acton's Rambler secured in 1859 a communication from de Buck (signed "Y.Z."—a familiar pseudonym at Brussels) "On external devotion to holy men departed." He contributed an unsigned (but unmistakable) notice of de Rossi's *Inscriptiones Christianae* (Vol. I) to the *Home and Foreign Review* (April 1863). He published several articles on Puseyism in the *Paris Etudes*. He corresponded with Montalembert and Dupanloup, and was supposed to write for the *Correspondant*.

These lines of activity and de Buck's close acquaintance with several well-known Anglicans of the Oxford Movement, combined to make one of the grounds on which he came, and long remained, under suspicion of "Liberal" disloyalty. Another of these grounds was in his political "views." He was an enthusiastic nationalist, of the generation that had experienced, and thrown off, alien rule. For him, as for many of his contemporaries, that partnership of liberal and clerical elements, to which Belgium owed her independence, was also the key to all her

best and most characteristic political action, and the secret of the moral leadership of Catholic Europe which she began at one time to assume. His essay on *L'état religieux en Belgique au XIXe siècle*, incorporated in the acts of the Assemblée générale des Catholiques à Malines in 1864, could thus seem—to the local *Veuillots* or *W. G. Wards*—quite alien, or even hostile, to the ideal of *civiltà cattolica*.

Even his work as a professional historian was shocking to the “legendary” school, as for instance his destructive criticism of the tradition that certain vessels found in the catacombs invariably contained the blood of martyrs (*De Phialis rubricatis*, 1855).

It will be seen that Father Victor de Buck had many strong claims to the sympathy of Richard Simpson: as a scholar—a writer for the “H. & F.”—an Anglophile—a Liberal patriot—a destroyer of idols. Richard Simpson was one of the most attractive personalities among the group of literary men that became Roman Catholics in the 1840's. He was exploited by Acton; and as he himself took no pains to defend his reputation, this has suffered in consequence. Edmund Bishop contributed a penetrating and sympathetic notice of Simpson for *Gasquet's* *Lord Acton and his Circle*; it appears on pp. xliv–xlvi of that work: but the editor weakened its effect by saying, in the course of his own interpolation, that the “misunderstanding” of Simpson “by many . . . was mainly the result of his own methods.” Some of the editorial manipulations of the Acton letters, noticed in 1950 by Dom Aelred Watkin in the *Cambridge Historical Journal* (vol. x, No. 1, pp. 75–105) tended to obscure Acton's controlling interest in certain errors of judgment, or worse, which are generally blamed on Simpson. It thus remained true, as Bishop had written, that “much was put down to Simpson's account for which he was not rightly responsible.”

Edmund Bishop's fondness for the *Home and Foreign Review* writers, and for Simpson particularly, may explain why, once he acquired the manuscript described below, he kept it amongst his personal papers (where I found it). It was written after Simpson “began to throw himself wholly into non-Catholic interests.”

It is contained in twenty-two pages of a paper-covered note-book (6½ inches by 4 inches): the pens and inks used for the last three paragraphs show that each of these was a separate addition to the original composition, which ended with the words “simplicity clearness and precision.” The first twenty pages of this work seem to have been written in three or four sessions during a visit to Belgium in October 1866: the last of the additional paragraphs is dated 1867.

The manuscript is reproduced by permission of the Abbot of Downside, in whose possession it is.—Nigel J. Abercrombie.

VICTOR DE B. is 50 this year, 1866. ∴ b. at Audenarde in 1815.¹ His father's education was cut short by the F. Revolution at the *cinquième* (i.e. the bottom class but one)—the only exercises that had made great impression on his mind were those of analysis. Victor's education fell under the period of Dutch domination, when no French was taught in the schools: he had however 3 French masters at home, on whom his father continually inculcated *analysis, analysis*. Hence from his first childhood he was always seeking for the general grammatical construction in every sentence. This tendency was confirmed by his learning Greek from Burnouf's² grammar. This has produced in him an analytical mind. He can scarcely understand Newman,³ whose force [?] is in his concrete images. But he has full sympathy with the wild abstractions of Louis Napoleon and modern French journalism. Hence a want of poetical imagination. He can describe everything; he knows every country under heaven; and tell you after a moment's thought how far any town in Europe is from any other, though he has never travelled out of Belgium. His accuracy about persons is of the same extraordinary character; and by his close chronological accuracy with regard to the units of history, he has come to disarrange and rearrange some of the great combinations of the masters of that science. Remember here how he sets Frank history to rights in the matter of Pepin by his considerations on S. Lambert. The other day he discoursed to me on the fine arts of the Middle Ages, and on them founded a conclusion that there was as much instruction among the people then as now. No supply without demand: no demand of fine arts without understanding for them; no understanding of them without comprehension; no comprehension of them without education and instruction. This was *à propos* of my expedition to Hal, the Church of which place I greatly admired. But when I came to enter into details

¹ In fact, in 1817.

² J. L. Burnouf; died 1844.

³ The *Grammar of Assent* was not yet published.

—to speak of the screens, of the Choir Clerestory, Windows, of the Hinges of the S.W. Porch, of the beautiful statue of the BMV above the inner door therein, and above all of the baptistery and its magnificent brass font (and crane, like that at Louvain)—though he had spent 3 hours there the day before, he had not noticed a single item of my catalogue. Thus he is a scholar *κατ' ἐξοχήν*. I think he judges of men rather by what they write or what they say, than by what they are. Though he has eyes that seem to look through you and that the Abbé Boucquieau¹ cannot endure to gaze into, I don't think they do look through you. They belong to the simplest of men, incapable of deceiving, and, till he has had experience of the contrary, incapable of supposing any man capable of deceit. Hence I do not think that he can be said to have that instinctive judgment of men which constitutes the greatness of the political actor. What his big brain would find to do if there were no books in the world I know not. Perhaps he would be the first to distil prose out of poetry. He is simplicity itself and he looks it: with his big frame—he is at least 6 feet high, and has clearly never been drilled—he looks as if he could not help himself. His brother Jesuits call him Apollo Belvidere—*lucus a non*. The occasion was this—somebody lent him a treatise on the proportions of the famous statue: he measured himself with a string, and found the same proportions in his own body, and had the naïveté to say so at the dinner table. He quite forgot what was due to pose and movement, both of which he lacks—and how can a man have either, who is glued to his (most uncomfortable) chair for 12 hours a day surrounded with a confusion of books and papers, dust and dirt? Though he has never been out of Belgium, he has sometimes a wish to see Switzerland, to know what mountains are like—England, to have an idea of coasts—etc. etc. But his great pride is to have studied so completely all descriptions of these features of nature, as to be able to describe them in his turn, *sans dire des bêtises*. This is his great desire. With a profound conviction of infinite ignorance, he wishes to speak of nothing of which he has not a detailed knowledge. It's this knowledge of details that, *selon lui* distinguishes the instructed from the ignorant. Everybody, he says, is a philosopher *en gros*. Everybody is a historian *en gros*. The great philosopher and the great historian differ from the small

¹ I have not identified this abbé.

fry in having heads full of the *petits riens*, which are the atoms that go to make up the *materia prima* of their science, and on which their method impresses its form. But I think he thinks more of the matter than the form. Perhaps this is as well. Perhaps the vocation of the writers of the *Acta Sanctorum* is to amass and criticize the materials of history rather than to form a system, which according to Victor de B. contains too great a percentage of the individual's *idées fixes* to be clean grit of truth.

He reads everything that comes in his way without prejudice, and with a sincere desire to place himself in the stand point of the writer. From all sides he collects his facts; and as I hinted just now, I suspect the agglomeration of facts is in his eyes more important just now than their systematic arrangement—except so far as such arrangement is necessary subjectively for remembering and referring to them. How far his pedigree as a Bollandist influences him here I have only my own suspicions to consult.¹ When I said to him that I wished he would leave on one side the small saints and devote himself to some of the more important, he answered that his life was spent in writing little lives of unknown Saints, in collecting *petit riens*, and that he should continue to do so.

His conversation is rather a heap than a series. In it there appears a superabundance of facts, the connection of which *inter se* is not always very clear. It is the easiest thing in the world to shunt him off his rail on to a new line. Indeed he is always *à propos des bottes*, shunting himself off onto new lines; and when he forgets himself in the middle of an argument, as he continually does, and asks you, *où étais je?*, it is often very difficult to tell him his exact orientation. But I do not therefore think with Pinchart² that his talk is tiresome. Indeed I listen to it with pleasure for hours together, for it is always full of information, charming from the simplicity of the man, who talks of himself with the same coolness as he talks of any other thing or person, and keeps on finding matter to talk about when a less full man would have been emptied for hours.

¹ Cf. Edmund Bishop, writing to Father Thurston (11 Dec., 1904): "... I share old Wattenbach's prejudices against, and low opinion of, necrologies generally—with just a few very important exceptions. And Martyrologies are often hardly better—except for a Bollandist pure!"

² A. J. Pinchart, Belgian historian; died 1884.

Thoroughly trustworthy, his friends may depend upon him in every respect. He feels a kind of physical impossibility in breaking a promise. If he has forgotten exactly what it is he has promised he has a feeling within him that he is bound to something, which seems generally to remind of the details which he had forgotten for the time. His life is devoted to his historical studies. All else—even his office, his daily mass, his confessions (he is the Confessor of the Hospice des Vieillards close by the College)—he speaks of as *distractions*. But I could never find that he treated them as such. With an indefinite power of work, he subtracts these *distractions* not from his working hours but from his hours of rest. He complains that his memory is not so good as it was, but finds a compensation in his continually growing historical instinct, which tells him where he may find anything which he may want, when anything is not to be found at all, and is therefore not worth looking for. His memory is therefore now rather an index than a lexicon—to which in years past I used to compare it.

He speaks French very badly—and, as a Jesuit once told me on the way to Tournay, he speaks Flemish nearly as badly. He has the Audenarde patois strongly, and that is reckoned one of the worst dialects of Flanders. His family is one of consequence at Audenarde. He told me that he had been the cause of two persons being elected to the Chambers for that district, neither of whom ever called upon to thank him, or showed him the least gratitude. When he goes there all the little boys fight to serve his mass—and instead of getting anything by it he has to spend money—50 cents to the clerk, and 25 a piece to the two servers—and then he thinks himself *avare*. His oldest brother did the photographs of our Lady of Hal which he showed me. He himself has been from home since he was 11 years old; he only lost his father and mother a few years since, yet though he saw so little of them, even now, at 50, whenever he thinks of them he feels himself really an orphan—*je me sens véritable orphelin*. He has a wonderful power of attachment and affection in his heart. Nowhere such a faithful unchanging friend. In this relation remember the biographical sketch of his uncle that he sent me.¹ He amuses himself with the construction of literary mousetraps. He used to love to mystify the public by his correspondence in

¹ I do not know if this still exists, or not.

the *Journal de Bruxelles*, dated from St. Petersburg, or Moscow, or Vienna, or Constantinople, as the fancy took him. His letters were full of curious information—views of the present grafted on and informed by a knowledge of the past which no real correspondent on the spot could have been found to possess. But YZ (as I think he signed himself) flew far above the heads of the somewhat brutal journal-readers of Belgium, who seem to delight in the most absurd controversy, in which each in turn takes a line or two from his adversary's article, gives it a turn to an undreamt-of meaning, and then writes a paragraph of would-be wit to explode it.

V. D. B. is amazingly fond of statistics, as might be guessed from his matter-of-fact turn of mind. His analytical turn moreover leads him to generalize these statistics. Hence he is sometimes prone to take quantity for quality. This I could see by what he said about Döllinger's *éloge* of de Ram¹ which I was wicked enough to show him—I was sorry for it afterwards, for he was clearly hurt. D. somewhere says that de Ram's attempt to restore Flemish as a literary language has entirely failed. V. D. B. says that this is entirely false, and refers to the mass of Flemish journals, which, he says, are far better written than the French journals of the country. But supposing this is so, clearly D. was not speaking of this kind of literature; he was talking of serious works of history, poetry, science, etc., in which the Flemish language is clearly deficient, and must be more and more so, unless it merges itself in Dutch. And this in spite of Henry Conscience,² and whatever other martyrs to patriotism prefer to count their gains in cents to counting them in francs. As for the assertion that the Flemish journals are better than the French, all I can say is, that I never saw such rot as I have seen in the *Gazette van Mechelen*, which is, I believe, under two professors of the Seminary, with two pious laymen to help them.

V. D. B. attributed D.'s acerbity to de Ram's treatment of him. It was once question to elect D. a corresponding member of the Brussels academy.³ De R. at first supported it—if he had not proposed it. But after the publication of the *Church and the*

¹ Mgr. F. X. de Ram, a clerical patriot; first Rector of the Catholic University of Louvain: died 1865.

² Author of *The Lion of Flanders* (1838) and scores of other popular Flemish novels, as well as a clerical nationalist *History of Belgium* (1845).

³ The *Académie Royale de Belgique*, of which Mgr. de Ram was a member.

*Churches*¹ when the Liberals wanted to elect D. immediately as a kind of protest against the Clericals, de Ram turned round, and by diligent exercise of his influence and interest, caused D.'s election to fail. *Hinc illae lacrymae* as V. D. B. somewhat uncharitably supposes.

I had once fancied from a letter he wrote me that he retracted his arguments about the Catacombs.² His pious expressions warranted no such conclusion. He treats the conclusions of the Congregation of Rites³ as utter rubbish, says that it will be utterly impossible for them even to find a tomb with the Labarum ✠ anterior to Constantine, and calls the *corpi santi* which they distribute—*martyres immateriales*. He is amused at the way in which these spurious saints sometimes elbow out the real indigenous Saints of the country; he told me an instance of a martyr who used to be the Patron of the diocese of Pola, who is now completely elbowed out by a spurious S. Purpurianus, one of these *corpi santi* anonymous on their grave stones, baptized in the dispensary of relics at Rome, and for whom a whole chapter of acts has been invented, which is read with much edification by the pious of Pola.

I found him more decided than he used to be in attributing the historical failures of Catholic policy to the folly of the Court and Courtiers of Rome. Now he is disposed to own that Pio IX has made a regular hash of it, though formerly he used to say that in the course of years Pio IX would stand out in history as one of the greatest of Popes. Now he says that the only principle which should keep us from criticizing his acts is—not to add affliction to the afflicted—but he condemns those who, like the writers in the *Civiltà Cattolica* not only refrain from abusing him, but tell him to his face that he is in all respects the greatest man of the age, etc., etc.⁴

Just before I came to see him this time Mgr. de Mérode⁵ had been with him. V. D. B. told me that he, Mérode, was by no means so big a fool as people supposed; that he too had been

¹ By Döllinger, 1861: especially significant for its "Liberal" criticism of the Temporal Power.

² Viz. the paper *De phialis rubricatis*, 1855.

³ 1863.

⁴ "For Pio IX is no Canute. If his courtiers tell him that the sea obeys him I am afraid he believes them. RS."

⁵ An official of the *curia* since 1850: Pius IX's Minister of War, 1860-65. On the question of Infallibility, he was an "inopportunist."

acting on the principle *afflictionem ne addas afflicto*; that he considered it was not so impossible to obtain an honest administration in Rome as was generally believed; that the great fault there was this, that there was no law—perfect *ἀνομια*—that Messieurs the Rédacteurs of the *Civiltà* carried the principle of not adding affliction to the afflicted beyond the bounds of honesty; because they could not and did not believe what they said about the Pope and his government.

V. D. B. is not a man *se parader*, but he told me he paraded himself at Hal, when he made the triple *tour* round the high altar of the Liebevrouw with the peasant women. He was not at all astonished that Mary and I did not follow his example. He never talks pious, but he is a man of great piety. When I asked him, for Mrs. Hall, for a book of meditations, he knew of nobody but Rodriguez¹ and St. Jure²—The old fellows, he says, said all that is to be said; the new ones only add stuffing and decoration, and sometimes new arrangement. In walking in the street, when the little children salute him, he has no reply to make but to take off his hat to them, and call them *brave kinderen*—or to promise that they shall go to communion *next year*.

He rather despises philosophers, and in fact is not a philosopher; he judges himself rightly when he claims *common sense* in an eminent degree. On the compossibility or impossibility of facts he is a most sagacious judge, but I doubt whether he even understands the building up of history on the development of principles. When I speak of the historical as contrasted with the scholastic method of teaching dogma, he always seems to consider that Petavius³ not only commenced but completed the historical method. With great admiration for Döllinger's *Church in the period of its foundation*⁴ he yet thinks that the dogmatic part is very weak. When I suggested that D. only professed to give a section through the dogmatic thought of the Church as it existed in the first century, and had therefore expressed the dogmas in the very words of Scripture and the Apostolic fathers, he at first replied that Scripture contains the whole doctrine, e.g. of the Sacraments; and when I replied it may be so; but then

¹ A. Rodriguez, S.J., died 1616.

² J. B. Saint-Jure, S.J., died 1657.

³ D. Pétau, S.J., whose *Dogmata theologica* was published 1644–50.

⁴ 1860.

Scripture must be developed, reasoned upon, enlarged; and it was not so developed, reasoned upon, or enlarged in the first century; and that D. wished to show exactly how far the development had got at the period which he was describing—V. D. B. acquiesced—"it might be so, but I do not know."

Another thing which he professes never to be able to understand was—why we gave up the H. and F.¹ You were *véritables enfants*, he says. You apprehend things by the imagination, and not as they are: when you are contradicted, you see in your way millstones, mountains: you give up everything, whereas if you had passed on without noticing your enemies, your enemies would never have noticed you. Acton's closing article² is one that can never be excused. No Catholic ought to have treated the Pope in that way. I do not say that we should be on our knees and say Amen to everything, but we should accept all he says with respect, outward respect at least, and not exaggerate, as you did, its contradiction with your principles.

Here I see in him the want of philosophy. He sees the compossibility of facts: the possibility of supporting the Belgian constitution,³ at the same time that you say you admit the encyclic of Gregory XVI⁴ and the Syllabus of Pío IX.⁵ *Solvitur ambulando*; the problem is practically solved for us when the Belgian Bishops who publish the *Encyclic*, in the same breath profess their loyalty to the constitution. "You have no business to look behind the facts for principles: there is no certainty in the process. A fact may be explained on many principles." I don't know that he has ever used these words to me, but they certainly convey the sense of what he has said over and over again.

Thus he is thoroughly convinced that a good Catholic may go his own gate [*sic*] amidst all the definitions which seem to clash with his position, without really coming into contact with them. A proposition is a fact not a principle. A condemnation condemns a certain thing, and nothing else. Facts which appear

¹ Nickname for the *Home and Foreign Review* (July 1862–April 1864).

² Vol. IV, pp. 667–690: *Conflicts with Rome*.

³ This was the fruit of a temporary "Union" of Liberals and Clericals in 1830. Relations were strained from 1847 onwards. Victor de Buck incurred criticism in clerical circles for his support of the constitution in *Les Principes catholiques et la Constitution belge*. See also: A. Simon, *L'Eglise et la Constitution belge en 1864* (in *Revue d'histoire ecclésiastique*, Louvain, 1951; vol. xlv, pp. 113–126).

⁴ *Mirari vos*, 1832.

⁵ 1864.

similar, and would seem to others to fall under similar censure are, to his mind differentiated, and stand on other grounds. If anyone says that no Catholic in Belgium can be a Liberal, he answers that he knows several excellent Catholics who are Liberals—yet for all this it is easy to see that to his mind Belgian Liberalism is most averse from Catholicism.

The compossibility of facts is proved by their coexistence; it is over curious to enquire into the rights or wrongs of such coexistence. That which is may be.

In spite of the Brief¹ which erects MM. of the *Civiltà Cattolica* into a body apart, he will do all he can to prevent their coming to Brussels: he declares them to be fools; he says that their position in their new foundation is incompatible with their position in the Company, and that if they will not live as good Jesuits they ought to go out from the order. Mérode agrees with him, and declares that the Brief gave great scandal in Rome. It is to avoid giving any precedent for their erection at Brussels that he supports the Provincial in his refusal to allow G.'s² Russian journal to be printed in the town, though the General has allowed the journal to be published, if printers and publishers can be found.

V. D. B. is rather mistrustful for the future of Bollandism—I imagine he would not object to losing the Government allowance of 6,000 francs,³ and taking occasion to announce the cessation of the work. Not that it is money that he lacks—it is the *personnel*, the succession, that makes him uneasy. His brother Rémy⁴ entered too late, and it will take too long to form him. Matagne⁵ very clever, especially in languages, but takes 15 days to do what V. D. B. can do in one. Carpentier⁶ used up; van Hecke⁷ too old. V. D. B. has to rewrite all that the younger Bollandists write in Ciceronian phraseology, and to bring it to the test of his canon of common sense: then he has to correct the press: and how hastily he does this I have seen good proofs in his dissertation on the pretended Saints Macchiavelli. He feels that too much is thrown upon him, and yet he will do all himself. For this reason I am glad that he has determined to give the life of Alfred not in its right place, but among the *praetermissa* at the beginning of

¹ Of 12 Feb., 1866.

² Presumably I. S. Gagarin, S.J.

³ Withdrawn in 1868.

⁴ Born 1819; Bollandist 1863; died 1880.

⁵ H. Matagne, S.J.; Bollandist 1862; died 1872.

⁶ E. Carpentier, S.J.; active Bollandist 1856-65; died 1868.

⁷ J. van Hecke, S.J.; Bollandist 1837; died 1878, aged 79.

the next volume. He would otherwise have written it hastily, and omitted a great opportunity of distinguishing himself.

When he goes out with me he knocks at F. Boone's¹ door, and asks leave: if F. Boone is not there he gives himself leave. He says that this asking permission is much more a kind of indication of where you may be found than a real seeking of permission—such a thing would be intolerable. No superior could say no. All that could be done would be, afterwards to observe that the person had better restrain himself in such and such habits, etc. Common sense in obedience is his motto.

To-day (Oct. 9th) when I said to F. Matagne and Rémy de Buck that Victor hated metaphysics and philosophers, Victor who was present laughed me to scorn, and asked me whether I thought he hated me. He insisted that one principle was better than a million facts, because one principle can create millions of facts. This looks very contrary to all that I have said of him above. Yet I think he only takes *principle* in the scholastic sense, as the essence or abstract nature of the facts; not in the Hegelian sense, as the generative power which produces them. He does not consider the principle to be the facts in their growth, in their *becoming*, but to be the abstract essence, the —ness or —hood of the things; their logical definition not their constructive reason.

Every Sunday V. D. B. goes to a poor school to teach little boys their catechism. He has a wonderful sympathy with the peasant intellect. And writes little books² adapted for it with great simplicity, clearness and precision.

F.— the director of the Pensionnat, who used to be V. D. B.'s Rector, says that he is a real sledge-hammer—not because his reasons are so strong (they are strong, however), but because he gives his opinions with such decision—according to him V. D. B. used often to sit working all night—his only recreation was to change from one kind of work to another.

Father Bourgeois CSSR at Tournai told me that 5 or 6 years ago when he was vicaire at Audenarde, he used to play at cards every night with *Papa* de Buck, an old man in a nightcap, whose house was a *rendezvous* for Priests; there was nothing remarkable

¹ J. B. Boone, S.J.; Bollandist 1837.

² In Flemish; e.g. *Passieboekken*, 1851.

about him or his wife that serves to explain the uncommon abilities even of Rémy, much less of Victor.

1867.

I think B. is a little less liberal than he was. At least his idea of liberalism being more or less a conspiracy, a freemasonry, makes him personally harsh to all people whom he suspects to belong to the fraternity. His manner to Tempels¹ was exceedingly harsh. In view of a general council the Bp. of Namur² named him his theologian (is not this a slur on the Redemptorists³) but Mgr. Mérode has engaged him.⁴ B. is now on great intimacy with this family. He is confessor to Montalembert.⁵ Mgr. Mérode who is made with the court of Rome, though he venerates the Pope has come round to some kind of liberality. He tells B. amusing anecdotes of the P. Pio IX, when he sees Napoleon's waiting policy wonders who will live longest. B. now only considers Pio IX to be a great character, but a very small intelligence.

¹ Unidentified.

² T. Gravez.

³ Whose founder had not yet been accepted as a Doctor of the Church, and was criticized by the Jesuit theologian Ballerini.

⁴ It was as theologian of his compatriot, the Jesuit General (Beckx) that Father de Buck eventually went to the Council.

⁵ Brother-in-law to Mgr. de Mérode.

NERVES AND NOTIONS

By

M. A. MACCONAILL

DURING THE LAST CENTURY, and the early part of this one, many believed that once the essentials of cerebral function had been discovered, and once the *terrae incognitae* of the brain had been explored, then the last vestiges of the case for a substantial soul (in the metaphysical sense) would be swept away, and men would be proved beyond all doubt to be merely elaborate machines. The dark places have now been largely lit; the essential working of the brain is now known: the result has been to put the traditional argument for a human soul upon an even firmer basis than before.

Some twenty years ago, two American workers, Ranson and Hinsey, put forward a certain idea which has since been developed largely by the careful anatomical and experimental work of Lorente de Nó, himself also an American. Professor J. Z. Young and Mr. Boycott, of these islands, have lately added a valuable contribution by their work upon the octopus. Even as early as 1939 the present writer had been sufficiently convinced of its truth to use it in explaining the working of the nervous system to sundry groups of English soldiers during the first years of the recent war. We may call what has been discovered the "neuronic circulation."

The essence of the business is this. More than fifty years ago the Spanish savant, Ramon y Cajal, had enunciated his doctrine that the nervous system is made up of an enormous number of separate units, the neurones, some long and some short. They could be regarded as being arranged in chains, that is, in serial order. The new doctrine is that these chains are *closed* chains, with one chain connected to another, so that the whole is comparable to a very complex electrical "grid." It appears that a set of impulses having a determinable time-order amongst themselves tends to circulate for an indefinite period within this grid, until it is modified by the accretion of new impulses arising either outside or inside the brain; the spinal cord is to be counted as part of

the brain for our present purpose. The so-called sensory nerves are the vessels of election for the conveyance inwards of such modifying impulses. The "state" of the muscles, glands and other parts subject to the nervous system, is modified by trains of impulses led off *via* the so-called motor nerves. The end of it all is that we have a changing, complex "configuration of circulating impulses" within the brain. This complex configuration is in fact a unity: an accidental unity from the philosophic viewpoint. The brain, then, is the material site of a "field" of neuron activity. It is analogous to a set of magnets generating a single magnetic field, the state of the whole being modified by a change in the state of any one constituent of the set. This is only a sketch of the affair, but it will suffice for our discussion.

The notion of a neuron field marks a real advance in our understanding of the nervous system. The strength of the argument in its favour is roughly the strength of the argument for Harvey's concept of the circulation of the blood. It expresses in a workable form our long-held opinion that the brain is a functional unit, not merely an agglomeration of parts. We can immediately infer from it that the neuron field is the thing "intended" by the brain—so that, for example, the right or left halves of the cerebellum can be absent from the very beginning of life without apparent inconvenience to the individual: for the necessary field can be generated within what is still present. So too, it lets us see why the forced action of the patient's will can sometimes be made to bring about substantial recovery from the consequences of disease or injury to the brain, a recovery deemed impossible until the staff of the Kaiser-Kabat Institute at Santa Monica devised their remarkable techniques of rehabilitation some years ago. It gives meaning to what had seemed trivial communications of one part of the brain with another, connections hitherto explained solely upon an evolutionary basis, always an unsatisfactory solution for any functional problem in anatomy. It has a special interest for the psychologist, for it provides the physical concomitant of the undoubted fact that our perception of the data provided by one sense is affected, more or less, by the data provided by the other senses at the same time. It has a special interest also for the philosopher of mind, since it poses the mind-body problem as one of the relation of a substantial unity, the soul, to an accidental unity, the changing neuron field.

This relation is really a pair of relations—those of “knowing,” and “willing.” It must suffice here to consider “knowing”: in considering it we make use of the Logic of Relations. “Knowing” is a relation, a relation between the knower and the known. In so far as we are concerned with data provided by the senses, “knowing” is a relation between a “brain-state” (known) and something (knower). What is in dispute is the nature of that “something.” There is no need to define the nature of the relation, for it may be taken to be adequately understood from the context of the following discussion.

Let us suppose that Peter has a pain. We are agreed that the ultimate physical basis of Peter’s pain is a brain-state; let us also agree that it is of that brain-state that Peter “really” has knowledge. Now Peter may lose his pain by being given some appropriate drug. But, as modern surgeons have to bear in mind, the cause of Peter’s pain may still produce harmful effects in him, even although he may not feel the pain. To prevent these effects they take steps to stop the “nocifector” impulses from reaching his brain. Let us call the pain of an actually painful nervous system “dolor.” Then we can sum up the facts concerning pain-conscious Peter by saying: “Peter cognizes dolor.” This is the shortest intelligible sentence in English that we can construct about Peter and his pain. We shall make it an experimental sentence, a “test sentence” to use the modern jargon.

Peter cognizes Dolor. Does Dolor cognize Peter? It is clear that we cannot transpose the test sentence in that way. Hence, we say, the relation Cognizes is a one-way relation: technically, it is *asymmetric* when it connects Peter and Dolor. Again, the sentence “Dolor cognizes Dolor” would be generally accepted as meaningless, or at least untrue, even by the most daring neo-psychologist. Now let us consider the sentence “Peter cognizes Peter.” It will be agreed that there is some sense in which that sentence is true. Does it remain true if we substitute “brain-state x ” for Peter? Here “brain-state x ” (“state- x ” for short) means the totality of states constituting the neuron field we associate with the name Peter. Let us assume *pro argumento* that it does remain true.

Now take the sentence “Peter knows that Peter is Peter.” Can we say: “State- x knows that state- x is state- x ”? “Peter is Peter” is a statement about a relation between Peter and Peter, a relation of identity. Like the relation of similarity it is symmetric. Now I

may see myself in a mirror without recognizing that it is myself that I see. Animals appear to do this sort of thing. For "cognizes," in the sentence "Peter cognizes Peter," we could put the word "contemplates," using "contemplates" in the artistic sense. Our assumption that State- x cognizes State- x , is, then, equivalent to the statement that State- x contemplates State- x , without any form of judgment upon the relation of identity. By this assumption we have agreed to locate the contemplative act in the brain. But where, then, is the locus of the act of recognition of the identity between State- x and itself? The question is forced upon us by our present knowledge of the functions of the cerebral cortex itself.

As Professor Young has so well put it, certain parts of the brain receive the impulses proper to one or other sense and certain other parts serve to "mix" impulses derived from the first kind of parts. Thus there is a certain part of the cerebral hemisphere, above and behind the level of the ear, that serves to mix visual and auditory impulses, so that we can both see a fire and hear the noise of the flames. Thus we have the necessary physical basis for our judgments upon certain external events. But this is merely an extension of the neuronc field itself. It is a region of collocation of impulses, these collocated impulses generating, no doubt, a distinctive local "pattern" at the physical level. The revival of this pattern is also, no doubt, essential to the "memory" of a fire that crackled (for example). But memory itself is the cognizance of a greater or lesser degree of identity between an earlier and later pattern of this kind. So to investigate the mixing areas is only to raise the question of the previous paragraph in a more acute form. We all know how dependent our memories are upon what has happened to us since the "remembered" event. In other words, it is the state of our neuronc field *now* that influences our judgment about what was *then*. The closed neuronc chains are really a set of shackles that restricts us although allowing us a considerable freedom. We cannot escape from the problem of the locus of Relations by moving from one part of the brain to another.

The problem is not meaningless; neither is it founded upon a false dichotomy between sensory and supra-sensory types of knowledge. We may replace "cognizes" by "perceives." We can say: "State- x perceives the identity of State- x with itself."

Where, then, is the locus of that perception of identity? The brain is a locus of collocation, that is, of physical relation between the ultimate data of the senses. But the relation of identity is not physical. The perception of identity is the perception of a relation which is not only symmetrical—like the relation of similarity—but is also reflexive; that is, it holds between a thing and itself. It is quite different from the relation of the pained knower to the known pain, which is both asymmetrical and irreflexive. Now science is concerned with the relation of one datum to another. It reaches to a knowledge of these data by a consideration of the relations between them, often defining the data merely by a statement of the relations. This is the essence of the modern theory of the physical bases of the universe, which is content with a calculus that embodies purely quantitative relations. There is certainly a meaningful difference between the perception of sensory data—which involves an asymmetrical relation—and the perception of identity, or even of similarity, both of which involve a symmetrical relation. Hence *as scientists* we are not entitled to equate the corresponding terms (or “domains” and “converse domains”) of the two kinds of relations. In fact, of course, if we use Perception to denote the relation between the pain and the pained, then we should either use some other term than Perception to denote the relation between the *relata* connected by identity, or else recognize that the percipient in the case of identity is not merely that which is perceived. Now that which is perceived as identical with itself (in this case) is *ex hypothesi* spatial: it is coterminous, more or less, with the brain. Even if the neuronic field is known because of its temporal duration, that duration is a duration of spatially distributed events, or, more generally, of a field of such events. That relations like “identity” are “real” has been admitted (reluctantly) by Russell, the most able modern critic of the doctrine of Universals. They “exist” in *some way* and therefore must have some *locus* of existence.

We are not concerned here with the *mode* of existence in its locus of the particular relation of Identity that we are now considering. Russell has said, truly enough, that it does not exist in the way that an American President exists, and has proposed the use of the word “subsists” instead of “exists” to mark the distinction. The *Oxford English Dictionary* does not lend much

support to his distinction, unless it be that he intends the word "subsists" to be used in its Thomistic sense—which is scarcely probable in view of the general tone of his discourse. His proposal appears to be a purely verbal device for avoiding a metaphysical issue; just as elsewhere he has quietly retreated from his attack upon the metaphysical notion of Substance by substituting a purely descriptive device—his "complexes of compresence"—for a definition of the nature of the ultimate skeletons of certain actualities of our universe. Now Russell is probably the most thorough of our analytical opponents, so that both his concurrences and his tacit admissions are valuable testimony for the case advanced here—even although he himself might demur to being called as one of our witnesses!

The only possible locus of existence for the relation of Identity is a non-corporeal locus. The locus of the "identified" is the brain, and this has exhausted all possible physical fields of existence of knowable data within the human body. There must, therefore, be some non-corporeal locus of perception of certain realities, so closely associated with the body that the two are factually one. But the assertion that Man is composed of a corporeal, sentient part and a non-corporeal, rational (or "analytical") part is precisely the base and starting point of the Christian doctrine of personality, and of the definition of the human soul. It appears, therefore, that our tentative acceptance of the proposition that "a brain-state" cognizes itself leads us to the traditional notion of personality, not to its rejection. Therefore the new knowledge of the nervous system may not be invoked to destroy our belief in personality.

It will be clear to the reader that the assumption we made *pro argumento* is not essential to our demonstration of the incorporeal locus of the perception of universals. The assumption was made so that we might travel as far as possible with Professor Young and those others who think, with him, that there is nothing more in "mind" than the existence of states of nervous activity. The question naturally arises: Is the assumption made really necessary—that is, would it not be advisable, in view of our demonstration, to cut out the "self-regarding" property of the "brain-state- x ," by an application of Occam's Razor, leaving the incorporeal element as the percipient of the field of neuronic activity? But this question need not be pursued here.

It is to be remarked, in passing, that the *immateriality* of the soul is a metaphysical doctrine with which we are not here concerned. The argument that has been presented above is a positive argument derived from what we know experimentally to be true about ourselves. It is an argument at the conceptual level, but less abstract than that which is involved in a discussion of the "soul" (principle of life) of animals or plants. We can know animals from the outside only. The behaviourist approach is the only possible one for the zoologist. The anthropologist (*sensu stricto*) has an additional source of information about his subject matter, the living man. To reject that information would be comparable to the rejection of the "diffraction experiments" by a physicist who had been brought up on the "particle" theory of matter and who was reluctant to consider the "wave" theory. The Thomistic world-picture is in fact more generalized than the empiricist, but to discuss it is beyond our present task.

The most recent explicit attack upon the notions of the human soul and of human personality has been made in the name of anatomy. It is not, perhaps, improper that an anatomist should analyse the body of the argument.

PASTOR AND HIS HISTORY

BARON VON PASTOR must have been one of the most hard-working men who have ever lived. He was born at Aachen, the City of Charlemagne, in 1854, the son of a Protestant paint merchant, who had him baptized in his own faith, though his mother was a Catholic. Not until after his father's death when he was ten years old did he go to church with his mother and receive Catholic instruction. Frau Pastor, a valiant woman, kept the paint business flourishing, but Ludwig, though a most dutiful son, could not work up any enthusiasm for the rainbow. She let him have his head, and what a head it was! By the age of twenty-four he had been crowned doctor at the University of Graz, after intensive studies in Louvain, Bonn, Berlin and Vienna. One of his professors and a friend of the family was the priest Johann Janssen whose celebrated *History of the German People* he would later revise and make as perfect as human assiduity could, dealing with such a colossal enterprise. As a young man Pastor took for his motto the words, *vitam impendere vero*, to devote his life to the truth, and that remained his constant star until the day he died in 1928. He tried to

obtain an unsalaried post as lecturer at the Universities of Berlin and Bonn but his devout Catholicism barred to him the doors of both Prussian institutions, for which we may be grateful to the grim intolerant shade of the Iron Chancellor. There never was a less nationalistic German, in the mean sense of the adjective, than Ludwig Pastor. As his own country had no place for his extraordinary talents, he became an Austrian citizen and was given a chair in history at the relatively obscure University of Innsbruck. He lost many prizes on account of his faith, but he won the greatest of all, the heart of his perfect helpmeet, Constance Kaufmann, whom he married in 1882. Without her active collaboration throughout as his amanuensis and decipherer of his perfectly appalling handwriting, it may well be doubted whether he could have carried through his gigantic undertaking. It is not all fun being the wife of a great scholar who, by the nature of things, must be allowed to live withdrawn in a world of his own where the writ of clocks does not run. But for forty-six years Frau Doctor Pastor proved equal to every emergency of missed trains and appointments, of health threatened by incessant overwork, of bringing up a family in a house so full of books and papers that there was hardly standing room. To think of all the tidying that this marvellous lady had to do and keep on doing is to be awed by her courage. And when her great husband became depressed or disheartened under the Matterhorn of documents which by incredible assiduity he had collected from all the archives of Europe, she was ever there to dig him out of the drifts and help him plan the conquest of his mountain. Hand in hand with her he succeeded, wrote in that devastating Gothic script of his the last lines of the sixteen enormous German volumes which he had envisaged from the first, and went to his rest. He was not a very old man by modern standards, just seventy-four, but he had done, single-handed, work that would not have disgraced a battalion of geniuses, and had worn himself out in the process. After his death in 1928, it was his wife who arranged for the completion in a few places and publication of the three great volumes which he had left in manuscript. Love had taught her all his secrets, and God help the compositors of Herder and Co., had she not been there to interpret in legible German his Assyrian hieroglyphs. It might truly be said that she mothered the *History of the Popes* from start to finish.

As could be guessed, it was Ranke's *Roman Popes*, published in 1834-36, that first awakened Pastor's interest in Papal history, while he was still a schoolboy. There and then, at the age of nineteen, he resolved to write a history of the Popes himself which would supply what the great Prussian so lamentably lacked, the insight, the controlled sympathy, almost, one might say, the instinct, of a devout believing Catholic. Some might maintain that his being such a Catholic must

necessarily have given a bias to his interpretation of historical events in which the Popes were involved, but that contention has a double edge and applies in reverse equally well to the Protestant or atheist, Ranke or H. A. L. Fisher, who thinks that he can read the inner motives, base for the most part, which determined the action of Popes and Fathers at the Council of Trent. Indeed, Ranke was candid enough about it and wrote his *History of the Protestant Reformation* to prove to his critical co-religionists that any sympathy shown towards the Popes in his earlier work was purely academic and more apparent than real. Somerset Maugham, who is neither a Christian nor much of a believer in Christian morality, once earnestly attempted for the sake of the experiment to make a meditation according to the method of St. Ignatius Loyola. He tells the comic results in his book, *Don Fernando*, and registers his conviction that no man, not even Ignatius himself, could go through with an hour of such self-torture. But it is perfectly certain that millions of men and women go through with it every day, and without being sick as he was, for they believe in God and the grace of God, and that makes all the difference. They see the stained-glass window lit up and from the inside, and they, and they only understand it. The same holds good for the historian. Other things being equal and he as soundly equipped for his task of research as any comer, it would seem by all the psychological rules that a Catholic dealing with the Popes and, unlike Acton, using the faith which he shares with them as an additional pair of eyes, would be much more likely to get them in their true perspective than anyone judging them by the mere letter of the evidence, be he as fair-minded as Bishop Creighton or as learned as Dr. Casper. The results of a complete lack of insight and sympathy in the matter are painfully evident in the Gibbonian claptrap of such a work as Fisher's *History of Europe*, which in its Papal sections is hardly superior to the vulgar inanities of H. G. Wells.

Pastor brought out his first volume no less than sixty-five years ago, a fact which gives some measure of his amazing persistence at his Herculean task, especially when we remember that he had a dozen other irons in the fire such as his directorship of the Austrian Historical Institute in Rome from 1901 onwards and his successive diplomatic appointments as Austrian chargé d'affaires and minister plenipotentiary to the Holy See. He was raised to the ranks of the nobility in 1908 and created a baron by his government in 1916. From the age of twenty-five he had been working with passionate intensity in the Vatican and other great libraries. Quickly sensing his quality, the Vatican authorities provided him with copies of documents in the then inaccessible archives, and a memorial which he addressed to Cardinal Hergenröther, famous himself as a church historian, helped in no little measure to persuade Pope Leo XIII to open the archives in 1881 to

scholars from all over the world. One feature of his *History of the Popes* which every serious reader must appreciate is the wealth of bibliographical notices prefixed to each German volume and the appendices of unpublished documents and extracts from archives given in their original language. In the text of the volumes, he rarely makes a statement or pronounces a judgment without supplying his authority at the foot of the page, often a lengthy quotation from some book or letter out of most people's reach. Yet though his narrative is thus thickly studded with references, it is neither dry nor crabbed, for he had considerable descriptive power and could tell a good story as well as any novelist. At times Clio brought her sister muse, Calliope, to visit him, as when he closed his long, masterly chapters on the Council of Trent with the words: "God turned over a page in the history of His Church."

A work of such tremendous scope as *The History of the Popes* inevitably brought much criticism, from Catholics as well as others, on its author's devoted head. His judgment of the moral character of Alexander VI in the third volume seemed to many unduly harsh and at least one Cardinal who died as recently as 1942 was known to be of opinion that the whole massive tome should be put on the Index. But the Baron was a bonny fighter and met his critics by appending no less than forty-four new documents bearing out his contentions to the fifth edition of Volume III, which appeared in 1924. Several attempts were made, sometimes on a large scale and even by non-Catholics, to rehabilitate the Borgian Pope but Pastor's verdict on him is never likely to be reversed. A more general charge levelled at the historian was a supposed partiality for the Jesuits when they arrived on his colossal screen. The Austrian scholar, Mgr. Paul Baumgarten, whose dislike of the Society of Jesus amounted to an obsession affected to descry a regiment of the wily Fathers collaborating anonymously with the innocent Baron and supplying him with grist from their camouflaged mill. That story has often been repeated and may still be heard, but Pastor's Diaries, Letters and Memoirs, published in a huge volume at Heidelberg in 1950, show it to have no substance. The great man turned to Father Charles Kneller of Munich for help with English sources that had no bearing on the Society of Jesus, and after his death the same learned priest contributed a missing chapter to Volume XIV on Alexander VII's patronage of learning and building activities, on the basis of notes left by the author, as well as additions to three chapters in Volume XVI which Pastor had left incomplete. The Jesuits do come into the picture in the latter volume, and the following is a fair specimen of what their brother in Munich has to say about them:

Apart from the undeniable failings of individual members of the

Society, the reason why it was disliked by so many persons, including Catholics, may have been its general tendency. Among the intellectuals of Rome, including those of the highest ecclesiastical rank, there were quite a number who gloried in their detestation of the Jesuits¹. . . . Broadly speaking, the Jesuits were reluctant to let go entirely of Aristotle. When a go-ahead young member of the Roman College, Benvenuti by name, pleaded the cause of experimental physics in his theses for disputation, to the almost entire exclusion of every other consideration, the General of the Society proposed to remove him from Rome, but on the instructions received from the Pope [Benedict XIV] had to content himself with assigning him another faculty. If this clinging to what was old led to disagreements within the Society, it was only natural that it should be far more severely criticized by those outside it. The Jesuits' adherence to scholasticism offended not only the champions of experimental physics but also those who seemed to think that all knowledge was confined within the limits of critical-historical work. . . . When one considers the animosity and bitterness engendered by clashes between opposing currents of thought one can understand to some extent at least how even among Catholics there were some who worked for the destruction of their adversaries. . . .

The tone of that passage, and it is representative, could hardly be described as panegyric. In fact, it goes too far in the opposite direction, and it would be easy to show here if there were room that the Jesuits of the eighteenth century were by no means mere philosophical diehards either in policy or practice, and besides, the tradition of classical education which they were unwilling to abandon for the making of "stinks" in a laboratory is still far and away the best thing that Oxford or Cambridge has to offer. "We have heard of the advance of Science," wrote Charles Lamb, "but who will beat the drums for its retreat?" and how many thoughtful men there are to-day ready in their secret hearts to re-echo Elia's sentiment!

The only other Jesuit who played a part in the completion of *The History of the Popes* was Father William Kratz, a professor at the Gregorian University in Rome, whose assistance Pastor solicited in 1925, as his sight was becoming defective and he had a great desire to conclude his mighty project before he died. People are perfectly entitled to dislike the Jesuits if they want to. Many excellent men, including possibly that super-excellent Pope, Benedict XIV, disliked them, but no man concerned for the truth will be disposed to write

¹ In a letter of December 27, 1752, to his great confidant, Cardinal Tencin, Archbishop of Lyons, Pope Benedict XIV wrote about "certains ecclésiastiques, même des premières dignités, qui pour faire les beaux esprits, disent et écrivent bien des pauvretés et se font gloire de hair les Jesuites."

them off as necessarily always wrong. They were not wrong in their attitude to Jansenism and Gallicanism, though some of them blundered in their methods of opposition and played into the hands of the cleverest and most unscrupulous propagandists known to history until the rise of Bolshevism. On the missions in India, China and Japan they made mistakes, as did their great forerunner, St. Francis Xavier, and allowed practices which Pope Benedict XIV eventually condemned. But the Holy See of our time, much better informed about the true state of affairs, has to a large extent vindicated their policy of accommodation. How could anybody blame them for wanting to omit the ceremonial use of saliva and insufflation in administering baptism when they knew those rubrics to be abhorrent to the Eastern mind? They regularly obtained Papal dispensation to omit them, but that fact did them little good in the end as the omission itself is counted as a black mark against them in the bull of their Suppression.

The latest three volumes of Pastor, in English, XXXV, XXXVI and XXXVII,¹ are largely concerned with the Suppression and its preliminaries. They cover the reign of only two Popes, Benedict XIV and Clement XIII, and deal with only twenty-nine years of Papal history (1740-69), but they were among the most crucial of all the years since the close of the Middle Ages, and the story of them has elements of drama and looming tragedy hardly matched since the collapse of the Roman Empire in the time of St. Augustine. It is only right to commemorate here the achievement of the publishers and translators who have naturalized the *History of the Popes* in England and all English-speaking countries and made it part of our national inheritance. Their persistence at what must have often seemed a never-ending task is worthy of Pastor's own, as may be judged from the fact that the first volume of the English translation appeared sixty years ago, in 1891, the work of Father Antrobus of the London Oratory, who followed it up with five more volumes before resigning the pen in death to his brother Oratorian, Father Ralph Kerr. Father Kerr brought the *History* down to Volume XXIV and the year 1604, but instead of working straight from the German he and his predecessor followed the Italian version begun by Mgr. Angelo Mercati in 1890, and so produced a translation of a translation, always an unfortunate business. The following ten volumes had better luck in the able hands of Dom Ernest Graf of Buckfast Abbey. The latest three volumes, also taken straight from the German, had Mr. E. F. Peeler for translator and read on the whole extremely well. They reflect the greatest credit on the publishers in these difficult times, being beautifully printed, bound and

¹ *The History of the Popes from the Close of the Middle Ages*. From the German of the late Ludwig Freiherr von Pastor. Translated by E. F. Peeler. Vols. XXXV, XXXVI, XXXVII (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 30s each volume).

indexed. Out of 1,451 pages in those volumes no less than 637 are occupied with one topic, in Catholic countries the burning topic of the age, the progressive destruction of the Society of Jesus. These pages, based for the most part on hitherto unpublished manuscript material from archives all over Europe, are largely the work of Father Kratz who might have issued his conclusions in an erudite volume under his own name that would have established him as a historian of the front rank, but chose instead the inglorious and almost anonymous role of cupbearer to the great Baron, a gesture sufficiently uncommon in the annals of learning to be noteworthy. A writer in *The Times Literary Supplement* of 27 April, 1951, described Father Kratz's supplementary chapters as "model history," went on to say that "the narrative is sober and restrained, the documentation admirable, the weaknesses which the long crisis reveals in no way hidden, nor treated apologetically," and concluded by pronouncing this Jesuit account of the first stages in the Suppression of the Society of Jesus to be "a great book in itself, the fruit of thirty years of labour in all the archives of Europe." It was not, however, Father Kratz who made the great collection of documents now in the Vatican, but the French Jesuit, Père François Caillard. The extremely well informed critic surmised that when "historians meditate the story unfolded here in such detail—and with an abundance of long citations from hundreds of documents not yet in print, nor likely to be printed for many a long year—many judgments about the preliminaries of the French Revolution will suffer a salutary revision."

JAMES BRODRICK

REVIEWS

A STUDY OF AUDEN

Auden: An Introductory Essay, by Richard Hoggart (Chatto and Windus 12s 6d).

WE realize at once that this book is in an altogether different class from (say) *Auden and After*. Mr. Hoggart's study is critical: his enthusiasm is, as the publisher remarks, "tempered." In fact Mr. Hoggart points to almost every one of Auden's weaknesses—notably his early exhibitionism, the "hard brilliance" that sometimes "suggests a failure of imagination," and the fact that in some of the later poems in particular "the images into which Auden translates his abstractions are liable to be less clear than the abstractions themselves."

But though Mr. Hoggart raises the objections, he often appears to consider them less serious than some of us may find them; he shows a certain unwillingness to push the case too hard against his subject.

Having mentioned the "intellectual cliquishness" that disfigures some of Auden's earlier work, Mr. Hoggart quotes these lines from the volume, *Look, Stranger*:

Pardon the studied taste that could refuse
The golf-house quick one, and the rector's tea . . .

Yet answered promptly the no subtler lure
To private joking in a panelled room.
Pardon for these and every flabby fancy.

He neglects to make the point that writing like this is less repudiation of a fault than dwelling in it. Auden has always managed to make the best of both worlds: the vice and the repentance, the evil and the well-disposed, the "old gang" and the "lonelies"—they have all been grist to the mill of his intelligence.

Mr. Hoggart rightly stresses Auden's intelligence. First of all it found the ideas of Marxism ready to hand, just as now it finds Christian ideas an even more fertile field. But Marxism was at least amenable to his satiric gift, which, in a Christian context, too often sounds a note of exasperated contempt; for a touchstone we may look at certain passages of *Four Quartets*, where pity and humility correct the balance. Elsewhere—where the tempting gift for the quick dramatic summing-up is pushed aside—we have instead those sequences of abstractions, often capitalized, perhaps as a deliberate gesture of defiance: "these conceptions *deserve* capitals." Mr. Hoggart's comment on Auden's intellectual development is more damning than he means it to be: "Auden's Christian belief is rooted in the same kind of response to experience as prompted an earlier allegiance to Communism."

But Auden's use of abstractions, this obtrusive activity of his intelligence, is part of a larger question—a question which lies, I think, at the heart of his work, early and later. Mr. Hoggart broaches it on several occasions but never quite pursues it out into the open. His first reference occurs early in the account:

So, deliberate and widespread preaching is essential. . . . A mind of this sort is never likely to regard art as an end in itself.

If we are still brooding over the excesses of "art for art's sake" we shall feel inclined to applaud this tendency. But there is also the vice of the other extreme. Perhaps while creating art—and given a wide enough interpretation of the term—the artist should after all be content to regard it as an end in itself. A readiness to dwell on the other ends which art may serve is an ambiguous characteristic in an artist:

it easily turns to that scarcely concealed contempt for art which we often find in the contemporary intellectual.

Warning us that its "assumptions will not bear close scrutiny," the author quotes from Michael Roberts' introduction to *New Signatures* (1932):

Poetry is here turned to propaganda, but it is propaganda for a theory of life which may release the poet's energies for the writing of pure poetry.

This, as he says, is near to Auden's own views at that time. But, we may ask—it is probably easier to pose the question now—is poetry really like this, does it work like that? Writing one kind of poetry in order to write another kind later on seems even more futile than establishing concentration camps this year in order to preserve liberty next year. Precedents are useful things, and there are none in support of this theory.

The case emerges more clearly when Mr. Hoggart, commenting on Caliban's speech in *The Sea and the Mirror*, points to "the central problem for the serious artist—if he produces aesthetically satisfying patterns, he must fail to express the real difficulty and inadequacy of human life." But can there be a "serious artist" who does not produce "aesthetically satisfying patterns"? What is he like, this species of super-artist who does not need to be merely artistic? Surely, if the "aesthetically satisfying" is incompatible with the expression of "the real difficulty and inadequacy of human life," then the choice must be made. There are other vocations—the evangelist, the social reformer, the philosopher—besides the poet.

But that has always been Auden's torment, I think: to be a poet and yet to despise poetry because of all the things it cannot do—

because there is no end

To the vanity of our calling.

He has always been the "artist with a bad conscience"—a feeling, less obvious in the earlier work, which emerges clearly under the greater pressure of Christian belief. We see it in his attitude towards Rilke—a subject for separate study—that "non-engaged" poet whom he admires explicitly but referred to in *New Year Letter* as "the Santa Claus of loneliness," which is at least unconsciously belittling.

A bad conscience, we feel, should lead to a decision, a choice; in Auden it seems only to have festered. So that what we meet in the later work, among his original spasmodic brilliances, is either this, where the Christian moralist has the upper hand—

Let us acknowledge our defeats but without despair,
For all societies and epochs are transient details,

Transmitting an everlasting opportunity
 That the Kingdom of Heaven may come not in our Present,
 And not in our Future, but in the Fullness of Time,
 Let us pray

—or else this, where the poet seems to have the upper hand, though very uneasily—

Our plans have all gone awry,
 The rains will arrive too late,
 Our resourceful general
 Fell down dead as he drank
 And his horses died of grief,
 Our navy sailed away and sank;
 The evil and armed draw near

—and here the dramatic incisiveness for which we value Auden has been blurred over: we do not know what our response is supposed to be—is the passage cynical, jocular, sinister? Auden's distrust of the aesthetic is not strong enough to prevent him picking up his pen, but it jogs his hand as he writes.

But if Mr. Hoggart refrains from carrying his investigations this far, he does present the evidence very fairly. His "essay" includes some good remarks on Auden's "dubious relationship to his audience," in the course of which he refers by way of contrast to Jane Austen; some useful commentaries; an adequate discussion of Auden's religious ideas, as ideas; and a restrained and just "Conclusion": no one is likely to disagree when he says that Auden "has written a few poems memorable by the strictest standards." This may be a better book than Auden deserves; certainly, as a study of a living writer, it is a much better book than we have come to expect.

D. J. ENRIGHT

DEMONOLOGY

Satan, a Symposium with Illustrations (Sheed and Ward 30s).

THIS big book is based on a volume of the *Etudes Carmélitaines*, though with many omissions and additions. The publishers would have done well to give the credentials of the authors here translated: how many thus know that Germain Bazin, responsible for the very drastic chapter on "The Devil in Art" (his own expression is *Formes Démoniaques*—not the same thing), was Curator in the Louvre Museum? If we know that, we attend more carefully to his view that Picasso at times takes a human form, like a head, disintegrates

it as by a high explosive, and puts it together again on the sole condition that the normal order be defied. That is indeed the Adversary's work.

The existence of a Devil being assumed, we are bound to ask what and why he is, and how we can represent him. There is an old mosaic which shows him as like—yet unlike—Our Lord as possible; but for a long time Christian art generally represented devils as disorderly grotesques—for example, having faces in their stomachs. It would seem that Hieronymus Bosch went much further than others in showing the mechanical yet animal, sickening yet seductive, aspect of temptation. Dürer's plaintive horned and snouted devil following the Knight makes us quite sorry for him: Goya's "Sabbath" portrays a silly goat-devil surrounded by wicked human beings: Dalí's "Temptation of St. Anthony" relapses into the nightmare-funny; in short, no one has recently represented the Devil adequately, because they do not adequately believe in God.

Moderns probably do not like pictures of spiritual entities. Although it is Blake's, we cannot accept the epicene pantomime-personage, with imps and elves like those on the cover of *Punch* at its feet, representing the Unfallen Satan, which appears on the front of the book-jacket. On the other hand, C. Van Roemburg's painting, on the back of the jacket, depicting the self-bestialized Angel, is as truly imaginative as anyone may dare to go: but it is really lop-sided (the Assyrian-Babylonians expressed the dual character of an evil being by the deep transverse furrow they clove above the bridge of the nose, dividing the face itself into two halves); it slobbers when it smiles; its one eye sees everything, but nothing truly. We cannot agree that the Greeks exorcized the hideous sort of devil by way of the radiant Apollo (who was god of pestilence as truly as god of the sun): the ordinary Greek was haunted by the *Kêres*, shrivelled little demons who represented ugliness, illness, old age, or death; and Greek poetry from the robust Homer to the flaming Pindar was at root melancholy—"What is anyone? What isn't he? A dream of a shadow."

From the third to the thirteenth centuries there was a firm belief in the superhuman, good or bad, visualized according to current art-forms. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries developed a mania about possession and exorcism and (especially in Protestant countries) about witchcraft; but, apart from the mere fabrication of lurid stories, we doubt whether any of the evidence can be trusted—it certainly cannot be tested: nobody had even begun to guess how deeply hysteria can work into the mind. St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross certainly believed in the ever more subtle activity of the devil the nearer a soul went into its innermost being—that is, towards God—but they never tried to picture him save by the merest symbols: "spirit recognizes

spirit," said St. Teresa, and this sort of recognition obviously out-passes images, words or clear ideas. The writings of the great mystics are infinitely more lucid than the welter of epigrams and paradoxes which has disgorged itself from Germany, especially since the time of Nietzsche, or even from France, since Balzac. Baudelaire seems to us the first genuine forerunner of the ever more profound modern perception of the mystery of iniquity. M. C.-E. Magny has a remarkable chapter on "The Devil in Contemporary Literature" (following a no less remarkable but all too short chapter on the Russians, especially Gogol and Dostoevski); he thinks that some writers like Proust and Gide go towards the Augustinian view of Satan, attributing to him as much reality as is possible without turning him into a Manichean second God, evil in essence. He includes in this category even Graham Greene, whose work "is dominated and almost obsessed by the sense of evil"—I cannot fully agree: M. Magny allows that Mr. Greene does not judge his characters, as Mauriac does, but he thinks that Pinkie is pride incarnate: no, I discern the germ of salvation in him. The opposite extreme would seem to be this—God alone IS (as St. John of the Cross declares again and again): therefore what is evil recedes further and further from God (and from all good things united with Him) towards non-being: therefore the Devil ought to be a sort of conscious nothingness. But we cannot desert Augustine for Origen and foresee Satan's annihilation, though in the Apocalypse the Adversary, and his representatives the Beast and the False Prophet, are destroyed. Novels, of course, have superseded pictures; but even in Bernanos the Devil, while remaining intensely real, is not tied down to a single person, nor does he act through some definite society, performing vulgar rites like the black mass.

We think that this book tries to cover too much ground—theological, archaeological, psychopathic, literary, and so forth. Large sections can be of interest only to specialists: others assume too much knowledge on the part of the reader. There are, moreover, too many misprints: twice on one page we find "omne spiritus." And it is exasperating that there is no index. Someone may be alluded to in an early chapter and again in a late one and we may be unable to track him down. But the book is important, for it shows how many people are concerned with ultimate problems; how many are victims of neurosis; how seriously Catholics study such questions, and how truly peace and spiritual serenity are theirs who are led by the Holy Ghost.

C. C. MARTINDALE

FRANÇOIS COUPERIN

François Couperin and the French Classical Tradition, by Wilfrid Mellers
(Dobson 30s).

IT is a matter for surprise and pleasure that an Englishman is the first author of a full study of François Couperin le Grand and that there is no need to add "for these days" to a declaration that publisher and printer have made Mellers's scholarship pleasant to the eye. The splendid photographs and the many apt and purposeful music quotations justify the price; they also tantalize the musician-reader into spending a greater sum on the magnificent Oiseau-Lyre editions of the complete works of the two most famous members of the Couperin dynasty and of their predecessors, contemporaries and successors. In only one matter can musician-readers complain. Few, even among those who read French fluently, are versed in the semantics of terms used by artists more than two centuries ago, particularly when they refer to the subtleties of *Aufführungspraxis*. All quotations from foreign languages should be either translated or given alongside translations.

The first four chapters, comprising Part I of the book, *Life and Times*, deals quickly with a professional and public life in which personal and private detail is lost; they form a brilliant essay upon values and tastes during the Grand Siècle; here Mellers is at his best when dealing with Music, Court and Theatre and we could wish he had not forced literary analogies with music. (His preface admits that he is impressed by views on the grand epoch collected in Martin Turnell's *The Classical Moment* which, so an eminent French scholar informs me, too often generalizes in deference to "long-exploded myths such as that of the extermination of preciosity by Molière"). The analogy between Couperin and Fénelon is artificial and unhelpful. Despite this, the author of *Music and Society*, himself a composer of considerable achievement, once more expands part of his special line of thought—the extent to which it is possible or desirable for the artist at a given time and place to be the mouthpiece of his society. Less clairvoyant minds than Mellers, no longer content with Nietzschean belief in a superman-artist, who pleases himself and forces others to be pleased, have fallen into a Marxist preoccupation with economics, with the composer's employment and remuneration.

For Couperin there was no economic problem; but there was a stylistic and aesthetic one, even if he were unaware of it in the continual joy of surmounting it. Demonstration of this fact illuminates the second section of Mellers's book, a work-by-work examination of Couperin's music. There can be no invention without limits, no fine points in a game without rules and a defined field of play; but the limits may be too cramped, the rules too numerous and petty for play

that captivates heart and head. Mellers helps us to know Couperin's limits and to recognize the degree to which they are a condition both of his impassioned expression and of his musical wit.

Mellers's third section, dealing with theory and practice, including Couperin's own writings, is the only part of his book to concern only the musician-reader, though mention should be made of the valuable lists of editions and recordings, notes on the titles of works, and appendices containing eighteenth-century commentaries on such matters as tempi, ornaments, phrasing, fingering and bowing. For some time—certainly since the issue of such records as those of the *Tenebrae Lamentations* and of the magnificent *Passacaille* (played on Wanda Landowska's powerful instrument)—the English musical public has suspected that Couperin was a deeper composer than text-books led us to suppose; no book could have turned suspicion to assurance more effectively than this study by Mellers. It cannot but remain a standard work for many years to come.

ARTHUR HUTCHINGS

KARL JASPERS

Way to Wisdom. An Introduction to Philosophy, by Karl Jaspers. Translated by Ralph Manheim (Gollancz 10s 6d).

THIS work is based on a series of broadcast talks. The sub-title, *An Introduction to Philosophy*, does not mean that the book is simply an outline of the history of philosophy: it is primarily an introduction to Professor Jaspers' own philosophy. And those whose only idea of the existentialist movement of thought is derived from the writings of M. Sartre would do well to correct the one-sidedness of their view by reading this work carefully. It is an impressive and stimulating book: it is obviously sincere and the work of a man who really values and believes in philosophy. The author has evidently done his best to make his line of thought understandable by the non-professional philosopher; and some of the chapters are, indeed, very clear. Others, however, may be found somewhat obscure, especially if the reader is unacquainted with Jaspers' principal works. But this is not due to wilful obscurity on the author's part: it is due rather to the nature of the subject-matter and to the author's conception of philosophy. There are three appendices: an article on philosophy and science, reprinted from the *Partisan Review*, some useful suggestions "on reading philosophy," and a short bibliography of Professor Jaspers' writings.

Philosophy, says Professor Jaspers, cannot be evaded. "Anyone who rejects philosophy is himself unconsciously practising a philosophy." Philosophy is to be regarded neither as a study which is in some way opposed to science nor as a science among other sciences. It presupposes

science, because it begins where science leaves off; but for this very reason it cannot be a science in the sense in which physics or biology are sciences. It deals with themes which cannot be made the object of any particular science. It is concerned with the core of personality, with freedom, with man not as something already made but as open to decision and possibility. It is concerned with man as open to the Transcendent, as capable of becoming aware of encompassing Being and of God. This awareness is especially evoked when man is confronted with the "ultimate situations," that is, with situations, like death, which we can neither evade nor change. It is in face of these situations that man becomes most easily conscious of his own finiteness, of the ephemeral character of phenomenal reality and, though negatively, of the Being in which all beings are grounded. But the transcendent reality, God, cannot be turned into an "object": God is not an object, the existence of which can be scientifically proved. Awareness of the presence of God, which is the term of philosophical endeavour and which may be called "silence in the face of Being," is the fruit not of scientific proof but of an authentic realization of man's potentiality of becoming truly himself, that is, a being capable of transcending the world of beings where scientific proof is possible.

Thus Jaspers recalls man to the central metaphysical problem, the problem of Being. Though deeply influenced by Kant, he brings metaphysics once more into the forefront of philosophy. But this does not mean that he returns behind Kant, as it were, and admits logically compelling metaphysical proofs. The proofs of God's existence are "attempts to express the experience of man's ascent to God in terms of thought. There are roads of thought by which we come to limits at which the consciousness of God suddenly becomes a natural presence." If man refuses to take any of these roads and remains immersed in the sphere of the clearly definable, one can try to open his eyes but one cannot give him a scientific proof of the existence of the reality which lies beyond scientific apprehension. Philosophy thus becomes a way of life; and Jaspers does not hesitate to imply the necessity of moral conditions.

But there are one or two points about Jaspers' conception of philosophy which are essential to an understanding of it. His negative line of approach to transcendent reality, namely as the undefinable and non-objectifiable complement of the limits of empirical reality, obviously bears a close relation to the mystical approach to God. But Jaspers is a philosopher, and his "mysticism" is a mysticism of thought, rather than, like Christian mysticism, a mysticism of love: his approach to the Godhead is through the speculative philosopher's effort of thought rather than through the mystical self-surrender to the absolute "Thou." Secondly, Jaspers' emphasis on the transcendence of God

leads him to reject, though not to despise, any theological system with dogmas about God which are proposed as divine revelation and as universally valid. They are for him "symbols of thought" rather than final truths. Indeed, though he has been profoundly influenced by Kierkegaard, one has the impression that what the latter called "the Paradox," namely the Incarnation, the entry of the eternal into time and the invisible into the visible, is for Jaspers quite unacceptable to "philosophic faith." There are, of course, points of contact between the philosopher's way of life as proposed by Jaspers and the Christian way of life; but there is also a fundamental difference. The philosopher, according to Jaspers' conception of him, holds himself free from all dogmatic assertions and beliefs.

If one points out this fundamental difference, one does not wish to imply that the Christian thinker must concentrate on those aspects of Jaspers' philosophy which differentiate his "philosophic faith" from theological faith. In the modern world a great many people are alienated from Christianity and, indeed, from all belief in God. And Jaspers' philosophy can do a great deal to break through the hard crust of scientism and indifference to ultimate problems. And it is a line of philosophy which is well worth serious consideration, provided that it is accompanied by a striving after an increasing clarity and distinctness, if one may be permitted the use of Cartesian language. It may be helpful to a number of people, because Jaspers speaks out of the situation of modern man to modern man. But if one is a believing Christian, one must regard Jaspers' philosophy as a signpost, not as the end of the path. Jaspers would doubtless admit this. Philosophy is for him the constantly renewed search for truth, the constantly renewed ascent of the mind to Being, rather than the possession of truth in the form of communicable propositions. These last are themselves only pointers; and the philosopher raises questions rather than answers them. But though it is a great service to philosophy to have brought the ultimate problems once more to the fore, for the Christian the final answer attainable in this life is given in the self-revelation of the Transcendent in history, that is, in the historical event of the Incarnation, the meeting-place of God and man in the unique God-Man. To say this is to say, of course, that Jaspers is right in asserting the incompatibility between philosophy, as he understands it, and Christian faith. It is perhaps rather odd that the foremost successor of the anti-philosophical Kierkegaard should place himself on the opposite side of the fence to the passionately Christian Dane. Or is he really on the opposite side of the fence? Is it not perhaps true that the philosophy of Jaspers is suspended in the air between philosophy and religion, and between philosophic reflection and mysticism?

FREDERICK C. COPLESTON

SHORTER NOTICES

Psycho-Analysis and Religion, by Erich Fromm (Gollancz 10s 6d).

THE jacket of this short book does it a disservice, because it begs the central and essential question—it says that the author “distinguishes between the ‘religion’ so-called, which is based on fear, a sense of personal worthlessness and subservience to Power, and that true religion (whether or not it includes a formal belief in the God of tradition) which issues in love and a sense of union with the All.” Is not a basis or foundation meant to have walls built upon it and even “cloud-capped towers”? As if fear need be slavish and not a reverential awe such as can perfectly well issue into love (indeed, if love is something that is issued into, it is clearly not the starting-point). And “All”? What is meant by that? what kind of Monism, if any? St John of the Cross often uses the word, but Dr. Fromm quotes by preference Indian writings, or in Europe an Eckhardt, and at least seems to prefer the theory of the absorption of the individual person into the ultimate “X”—not that he makes it his own, even though by the God of tradition he may mean that God of whom reason can attain a true though analogical knowledge—but then I don’t think he uses the notion of analogy.

He begins by outlining the theories of Freud and Jung but will not commit himself to either, and goes on to describe various types of religious experience, very soon making the dichotomy (this book is full of the “either-or” of the jacket)—Authoritarian, and Humanistic. Early Christianity is the latter, as is “evident from the spirit and text of all Jesus’s teaching.” True, he admits that the two trends co-exist in most if not all religions; but here he seems to disregard the “Do not think I am come to dissolve the Law . . . not one jot or tittle shall pass away.” The trends became more marked, until the ‘conflict’ can be symbolized, so to say, by Augustine and Pelagius, the latter showing, apparently, that “the humanistic, democratic element was never subdued in Christian or in Jewish history, and this element found one of its most potent expressions in the mystic thinking within both religions. The mystics have been deeply imbued with the experience of man’s strength, with the idea that God needs man as much as man needs God; they have understood the sentence that man is created in the image of God to mean the fundamental identity of God and man. Not fear and submission but love and the assertion of one’s own powers are the basis of mystical experience. God is not a symbol of power over man but of man’s own powers.” Poor St. Augustine, Dom Butler’s “Prince of Mystics”! After this standing of the whole history of Christian mysticism on its head and setting its feet to kick frantically

at all that the mystics have ever taught, we might think the book was not worth going on with. But it is full of interesting, though not novel, passages. For example, about the modern man who wants to make himself "marketable." But by seeming to content himself with purely psychological experiences and refusing to make use of the metaphysics which alone give a meaning to them so that he has to think of God as a projection, or a symbol, he cannot but end by offering us a world of men adjusted within themselves and in regard of one another which is quite as utopian as Freud's. In short, he diminishes life and men's reasonable hopes, instead of deepening or invigorating them.

The Queen's Daughters: A Study of Women Saints, by C. C. Martindale, S.J. (Sheed and Ward 12s 6d).

The Lives of the Saints, by Omer Englebert (Thames and Hudson 25s).

IT is impossible not to compare and (most emphatically) to contrast these two books. Fr. Martindale, who has long proved himself a supreme master in the art of hagiography, has here produced another book which will prove an unfailing delight and inspiration. Fr. Englebert's volume, covering a much wider field, succeeds only in causing irritation and, at times, disgust. There would be something to be said for a work which set out frankly to accumulate all the legendary material which has gathered round the names of many saints; but such a work ought to be described as a historical curiosity and not as a work of devotion. But, in an age which is becoming increasingly and rightly critical in its approach to saints' Lives, it is difficult to see what purpose can be served by a collection of history, legend and superficial commentary, bearing no particular relation to reality. It is all very well for the compiler to say: "... we have retold their legends with pleasure, certain that, among poets and persons of taste, none will complain." We can only envy the good Father his assurance.

What a relief to turn to Fr. Martindale! Here, the saints' lives are shown as part of genuine history, and are not presented as artificial constructions, worked out according to a conventional formula. Beginning with the striking story of St. Blandina (one of the martyrs of Lyons in A.D. 177), the book moves on to take in a wide range of history. We see how Europe developed and disintegrated and how the changing scene produced its changing heroines—changing yet always the same in their fidelity to Christ the source of all sanctity. The wisdom, the insight, the humour, the sincerity, the breadth of knowledge and the humanity which we associate with the name of Fr. Martindale are here in full measure.

The Originality of St. Matthew, by B. C. Butler (Cambridge University Press 18s).

THE world of gospel source-criticism is ripe for a Copernican revolution, and this book by the Abbot of Downside is well designed to set it in motion. Even if scholars do not accept all the suggested reconstruction which is put before them in the last chapter, they will hardly be able to resist the cogency of the many tests applied in the earlier chapters to prove that Matthew's gospel is prior to and independent of Mark and that Q (the supposed sayings-document) did not exist. Indeed, so many supplementary hypotheses have been added to the original Two-Document hypothesis (which produced Matthew out of Mark and Q) that, like the Ptolemaic astronomy, it has crashed by its own weight. Pioneer work towards undermining it was done by H. G. Jameson in 1922, but, though the Abbot has used that work, he has added vastly to the probative instances Jameson collected and shows more literary insight, driving home his argument much more effectively.

The book is beautifully arranged, with the relevant Greek texts set out for comparison and with a clear system of subdivisions. At the end one is left convinced that Matthew is prior to Mark and Luke; but did Mark use a Greek Matthew (as Abbot Butler argues), or had he access through Peter to Matthew's Aramaic gospel alone? Two independent translators of Matthew might produce remarkably similar versions of the same Aramaic. If one could recover the gospel Barnabas took with him when leaving Jerusalem (Acts xi. 25) or Paul's gospel, one could easily decide.

Hands at Mass, by Walter Nurnberg, with an Introduction by C. C. Martindale, S.J. (Chapman and Hall 12s 6d).

THOSE who are familiar with Mr. Nurnberg's ingenuity as an advertising photographer, and with the quality of his books on Lighting and Portraiture, will expect in this book a novel approach to the Mass. They will not be disappointed. The nature and meaning of the Mass are conveyed through the priest's hands. As Father Martindale notes in his Introduction, "In a true sense, the priest's hands are God's hands." These seventeen close-ups, with their terseness and economy and their rhythmic beauty, all of which they share with the Latin of the prayers, bring home to us how the priest's gestures are prayer. Life and motion are subtly conveyed in these plates by the dynamism of their diagonal composition, and by the dazzling luminosity that has been achieved by the careful use of back and cross lighting. A beautiful book.

The People's Priest, by John C. Heenan (Sheed and Ward 12s 6d).

LET it be said at once—this is an admirable book, completely fulfilling its purpose. Written by a secular priest (now a consecrated bishop) with more than twenty years of pastoral experience, it covers the whole field of a priest's duties and responsibilities and points out clearly and wisely the dangers to which he may be exposed.

It is a book written primarily for the secular clergy and so should find a place in every English-speaking seminary as well as in all theological colleges of Religious, many of whose members are, or will be, engaged in parish work. It will serve as a gift to a newly ordained priest; and even an old priest may gain inspiration and profit from reading it.

Unfortunately, because of the limits to which this review must be confined it is impossible to deal at length with the excellent matter the book contains. All is good, but we might pick out for special consideration and study the chapters on Confession, Preaching, and the Work of Conversion. The concluding chapter on the Priesthood will afford matter for more than one good meditation.

Jésus Christ, Vie du Chrétien, edited by Charles Baumgartner, S.J. (P. Lethielleux n.p.).

Our Lord, An Outline Life of Christ, by Gerard Lake, S.J. (Burns and Oates 8s 6d).

IT may be said of these two books that the former tries to do too much, the latter not enough. Fr. Lake will plead that he is addressing himself to the ordinary man (the book grew out of his failure to find a "straightforward life of Christ which he could offer to a young man or girl entering the Forces"), but this is perhaps a little too "straightforward." Whilst it contains an admirable summary of the external facts of Our Lord's life, with some indication of the social and political milieu in which that life was lived, nowhere we feel does Our Lord Himself come alive. At the same time, there will undoubtedly be many who will be glad to have even this rather jejune sketch, who might be put off by the size or price of fuller treatments.

The other book is the fifth of a series of six manuals of religious instruction, graduated for use in schools, under the general editorship of Fr. Baumgartner, S.J. Whilst it seems rather advanced for the class at which it is aimed, it will certainly be of great value to teachers. Basing everything on the New Testament documents, it does not confine itself to the traditional topics of similar productions, but actually concerns itself with, for instance, the difficult subject of

Christian humanism—the Christian view of human personality, of art, of the family. It is consoling to find a book of Christian instruction which is not just nominally Christian, but is genuinely Christocentric and brings out the relationship which should exist between every aspect of the life of the Christian to-day and the details of the life of Christ Himself and the practices of His first followers.

Overtures and Beginners, by Eugene Goossens (Methuen 18s).

MORE than one member of the Goossens family—Flemings who came into English musical life four generations ago—have been citizens of the world who could have written an entertaining autobiography. Eugene II, as a conductor the most public figure of the distinguished dynasty, and as a composer the most gifted, manages to hold our interest without effort. He has a pretty pen without seeming to know the fact. In one sense of the word, all musicians and composers are introspective and egocentric, but good professionals let us take these characteristics for granted. In his writing as in his music, Mr. Goossens is never guilty of fatuous self-effacement, yet we finish the book regarding the author as a sensitive personal friend who has let us know his family and a whole galaxy of interesting people from Richter in Victorian Liverpool to the brightest of the bright once-young people of the 'twenties and the musicians and friends of musicians in modern America, the author's adopted home.

Joseph Conrad, by Oliver Warner (Longmans 10s 6d).

MR. WARNER's study is among the first of a new series of literary biographies planned by Messrs. Longmans, and it is presumably not untypical. The first half of the book is given over to a workman-like résumé of the life of a man whose first love and calling was the sea, and who was culturally and linguistically no more at home in Poland than he was in France and England. Judgments thrown out in this part of the work are explained in the second and more valuable division, which examines Conrad's output in detail and his claim on the lasting attention of what can never be a numerous public. In a competent critique Mr. Warner concludes of *Nostromo* that "it deserves to take rank with the greatest novels of the English language"; but the bulk of his civilities are reserved for the *conte* which was Conrad's real strength. The final section handles Conrad's own notes towards autobiography.

The Knot of Vipers, by François Mauriac. Translated by Gerard Hopkins (Eyre and Spottiswoode 11s 6d).

L^E *Noeud de Vipères*, which now appears in the English series of M. Mauriac's novels that Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode are sponsoring, originally came out twenty years ago. It deals tellingly with the question of example, and what effect the example of Christian living, good or bad, can have upon other people—or, in this case, upon one individual. It is one of M. Mauriac's greatest talents as a writer that he is able to relate the sublimest of themes to the simplest of settings. Here, for instance, against the usual Maurician background of French middle-class life he depicts the age-long struggle between Heaven and Hell for the possession of a human soul, with the Devil, and here the illuminating subtlety of the writer is shown at its greatest, not infrequently making use of weapons which he has stolen from the Heavenly armoury. In the end the tormented soul, after many twistings and turnings, feels the shadow of the Hand "outstretched caressingly," the presence of which has been implicit from the very first page, and one is left with an assurance that all will be well.

Mr. Gerard Hopkins, that doyen of English translators, has acquitted himself brilliantly in what must have been a difficult task.

The Universal Singular, by Pierre Emmanuel (Grey Walls Press 13s 6d).

AUDEN once referred to "the real world of Theology and horses," and there is about his phrase a significant concision. As the past has been rich with what have been termed philosophic poems and novels, so in recent years—one might submit—has come to the fore what may be described as the theological poem or novel. This is not to imply that dogma is merely being presented in verse- and fiction-forms (though some, disastrously, have attempted this), but rather to suggest that certain contemporary authors are concerned with reaffirming the reality of theological truths through their own particular artistic media. This is the essence of Pierre Emmanuel's poetry and of which his autobiography is an *apologia*. He comments: "... One begins to wonder whether the Church, in defending itself against heresy, has not amassed definitions at the expense of organic vitality, and whether dogma, which should be a protection of religious form, has not become a strait-jacket preventing it from coming to fulfilment." For, like Bloy, Emmanuel is concerned with spiritual verities, not legalistic formulas; his anti-clericalism is aimed at those who would preach that baptism is "an insurance policy" which can be taken out in the name of Heaven. In its place—and Emmanuel was

largely educated by those who thought along such lines—the poet in him has made him realize that such beliefs are useless; and in its turn his poetry has become a by-pass by which, ignoring his educators, he may go direct to the teachings of Christ to discover them anew. He will have no truck with adroitness, since, like Bloy again, he replaces it “with confidence in God”; and, incidentally, Emmanuel regards Bloy as a poet—a crucial point to remember when, in *The Universal Singular*, we follow his pilgrimage to the Absolute.

The translation is first-rate.

Short Stories from the New Yorker (Gollancz 15s).

Canon James and other stories, by Noel Blakiston (Chapman and Hall 10s 6d).

Many-Coloured Fleece, edited by Sister Mariella Gable, O.S.B. (Sheed and Ward 15s).

IF we are to read a number of stories in fairly quick succession, naturally we prefer those that are not merely descriptive, anecdotal even in the best sense, but get into the soul sufficiently deep for us to observe that even the emotions are spiritualized. The sixty-eight stories from the *New Yorker* seem to be chiefly about people for whom one cannot care very much, who get into situations that are often vividly described but which do not interest one very much—of course the editor has narrowed his own field considerably—he excludes “parable, prophecy, fable, fantasy, satire, burlesque, parody, nonsense tales,” and, as a rule, the horrible and the technically tough. Even when we feel that the people in these stories are very disillusioned, we are still left in doubt as to what illusions, let alone ideals, might ever have been theirs. We are left with the impression of skill but also of a certain flatness and de-humanization.

Canon James, as a collection, is hardly less sophisticated, but has a real charm, especially when boyhood or old age are being written of. The book never sneers, even when it suggests that the older-fashioned Church of England religion cannot be taken altogether seriously. There is one apt quotation: “Je suis un incroyant, je ne serai jamais un impie.” But the book leaves no impression of scepticism, and the descriptions, while very sensitive, are never squalid.

Sister Mariella Gable, O.S.B.’s latest anthology of short stories does nothing to lessen our conviction that she has read not only every such story ever written, but everything else too. In her critical introduction she can mention briefly but penetratingly Sartre, Cocteau, Kafka, and she perceives how much more frequent is the groping after God than one might suppose. It is amusing to read that “People cared tremen-

dously whether Scobie was damned or saved. His plight was argued by the literary élite and callow youth—at cocktail parties, in bars, in monastery parlours, and over Cokes in drugstores." How she knows that, who can tell? But it is true. Anyhow, she thinks that Graham Greene has "only faintly indicated the amazing complexity of human psychology in three-dimensional fiction." After that, you may be a little nervous about what she will choose. But her choices are varied, courageous, often most amusing, and always infused, however tenuously, by the spirit. Possibly she explains too much at the head of the stories and is apt to tell one what one ought to think about them. It is, after all, an adult book, and we ought not to need much schooling. Perhaps we English take our religion so seriously that we dry up our sense of humour. Yet it ought to flow as easily through a pious or even a theological book as through the lightest fiction.

The Christ of Velasquez, by Miguel de Unamuno, translated by Eleanor L. Turnbull (Johns Hopkins Press; Oxford University Press 20s).

THE title may mislead: this book is no History of Art contribution, no essay in aesthetics. It contains only one photograph (a good one) of the famous picture in the Prado, but it will be valuable to admirers of the great Spanish humanist. Until now we have had no translation in English of Unamuno's poetry, and here is something of a revelation after fragments from *The Tragic Sense of Life* and his essays. The present volume, published in Spain in 1920, consists of a sequence of eighty-nine poems, meditations on the Crucified Christ centred on images evoked by the particular picture. The effect is of an impassioned expression of belief in the Christian God and the ever-living reality of the Man-God revealed in the flesh. The author had avowed deep admiration for the "bleeding Christs" of Spanish art, but his choice here of Velasquez is no accident. The sober, dignified realist who used living models in all his works, for classical and religious subjects alike, appealed profoundly to the writer who demanded the individual "man in flesh and bone." The poems of Unamuno are as different from those of St. John of the Cross as Velasquez's pictures from El Greco's. To Unamuno through Velasquez "we see Thee in flesh to-day, Thee, the Man eternal that makes of us new men." The power of evoking such moving poetry suggests the unwisdom of measuring the spirituality of the visual too exclusively by its *unlikeness* to life.

The translation reads easily, without affectation, and conveys the qualities of thought and emotion that lie in the content, though doubtless much is lost of meaning through style, in interpreting a writer so essentially Spanish.

ONE of the great occupational risks of business life under the pressure of to-day is that the practical man of affairs neglects his outside reading, and all too easily falls into a narrow circle of immediate preoccupations. There is always loss in this, and the Catholic business or professional man, as a member of the Church Universal, has a particularly strong reason for keeping his mind open to wider horizons. Certainly it was never more necessary than now to follow world happenings. A direct chain of causes and effects ties every business to economical changes in the world, which are themselves as often the consequence as the cause of changes in men's political and social ideas. These ideas in their turn come out of the religions, or irreligions, of contemporary man.

In many countries the Catholic Church is at the heart of the battle of ideas. Cardinal Manning's saying that "all great quarrels between men are at bottom theological" suggests that there is, in fact, no better starting-point or background for understanding the modern world than a Catholic one. Because of this approach and background,

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